This little *Embleme* here doth represent,
The blest condition, of a man Content.
The *Place* he lyes on, is a mighty *Rocke*:
To shew, that He Contemnes, and makes a mocke
Of *Force*, or *Vnderminers*. Wo expresse,
What others thinke him, by his *Nakednesse*.
His *Mantle*, with *Hearts-ease* y wrought doth show,
What He, doth of his owne well-being, know.
The *Piller*, on whose *Base*, his head doth rest;
Hath *Fortitude* and *Constancie* expreſt.
The *Cornu-Copiæ* that so neere him lyes;
Declares, that He enough hath to suffice:
And that He can be pleasd, with what the Fields,
Or what the fruittull Tree, by Nature yealds.
That pleasant *Prospective*, in which you see,
Groues, *Riuers*, *Launds*, and *Pallaces* there be;
Lies farr belowe Him: and is that, in which,
The truest-happy *Man*, is seldome rich.
The words, *NEC HABEO*, he doth there bestow;
And what he meanes, doth with his finger show.
Aboue him houer *Angels*, and his *Eye*,
He fixing, on the glorious *Heauens* on high;
(From whence a *Ray* into his breſt descends)
His other word *NEC CAREO*, thither sends:
To intimate, that He can nothing need,
Whom *Angels* guard, and *God* himselfe doth feed.
By force, or slye Temptations, to preuaile
Both Temporall, and Ghostly *Foes* assaile,
His naked person: but, without a wound,
Their *Darts* are broake; or, backe on them rebound.
So, with *NEC CVRO*, Those he entertaines:
And to expresse, how highly He disdaines,
The best Contents, the World affoord him may;
A *Globe* Terrestriall, He doth spurne away.

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WITHER'S MOTTO.
Nec Habeo, nec Curo, nec Curo.

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To any body.

TO recreate my ſelfe, after ſome more ſerious Studies, I tooke occaſion to exerciſe my Inuention the illuſtration of my *Motto*; which being thus finiſhed, my friends made me beleeue it was worth the preſeruing; and grew ſo importunat for *Coppies* thereof, that I could not deny them. But doubting, leſt by often tranſcribing, it might be much lamed through the *Scribes* inſufficiency (as many things of this nature are) I thought fitting, rather to exemplyfie the ſame, by the *Preſſe*, then by the *Penne*. And to that end, deliuered it ouer to ſome *Stationers*, to haue onely ſo many *Copies*, as I intended to beſtow.

Yet conſidering that other men (to whom I meant them not) might peraduenture, come

to the view of thoſe Lines. I thought it not amiſſe, by way of Preuention, to remoou: ſuch Cauills as may be made againſt mee, by thoſe vnto whom I am vnknowne. Not, that I care to giue euery idle *Reader*, an account of my Intentions: But to ſhew the *Ingennous*, that the *Careleſnes* expreſſed in this *Motto*, proſeeds from an vndiſtempered *Care*, to make all my Actions, (as neere as I can) ſuch, as may be decent, warrantable, and becomming an honeſt Man: And that thoſe, who ſhall fooliſhly ſeeke (from thence) to picke aduantages againſt me: may know, I am too well aduiſed to write any thing, which they ſhall bee iuſtly able to interpret, either to my hinderance, or diſparagement.

Let me want eſteeme among all good men, if I purpoſed (or haue any ſecret deſire in me) that any part of this, ſhould be applied to any particular man; but ſo as euery one ought to apply things vnto his own Conſcience; and he that beleeues me not, I feare is guilty. My intent was, to draw the true Picture of mine own heart; that my friends, who knew mee outwardly, might haue ſome repreſentation of my inſide alſo. And that, if they liked the forme

of

of it, they might (wherein they were defectiue) fashion their owne mindes thereunto. But, my principall Intention, was by recording those thoughts to confirme mine owne Resolution; and to preuent such alterations, as Time and infirmites, may worke vpon mee. And if there bee no more reason inferred against me, to remoue my opinion, then I am yet apprehensiue of: I am confidently perswaded, that neither Feare, nor Force shall compell me, to deny any thing which I haue affirmed in this Poem. For, I had rather bee degraded from the greatest *Title* of *Honour* that could be giuen me; then constrained to deny this *Motto*.

Proud Arrogance (I know) and enough too; will be layd to my charge. But those who both know me, and the necessitie of this resolution, will excuse me of it. The rest (if they mis-censure me) are part of those things, *I care not for*.

The Language is but indifferent; for, I affected *Matter* more then *Words*. The *Method* is none at all: for, I was loath to make a businesse, of a recreation. And we know, he that rides abroad for his pleasure, is not tyed so

ſtrictly to keepe *High-waies*, as hee that takes a Iourney.

If the intermixing of ſleight and weighty things together, be offenſiue to any. Let them vnderſtand, that if they well obſerue it, they ſhall finde a ſeriouſneſſe, euen in that which they imagine leaſt momentary. And if they had aſwell obſerued the conditions of men, as I haue done: they would perceiue that the greateſt number (like Children which are allured to Schoole with points and Aples) muſt be drawne on with ſome trinolous expreſsions, or elſe will neuer liſten to the graue precepts of Virtue; which, when they once heare, doe many times beget a delight in them, before they be aware.

Many Diſhes of meate which we affect not may be ſo Cookt, that we ſhall haue a good appetit vnto them: So, many men who take no pleaſure to ſeeke *Vertue* in graue Treatiſes of Morallitie, may (perhaps) finding her vnlookt for, maſked vnder the habit of a light *Poem*, growe enamord on her beauty.

The fooliſh *Canterbury* Tale in my *ſcourge* of *Vanity*, (which I am now almoſt aſhamed to read ouer) euen that, hath bin by ſome prayſed for

for a witty passage: And I haue heard diuers, seriously protest, that they haue much more feelingly bin informed, & moued to detest the Vanity of the humor there skoffed at, by that rude *Tale*, then they were by the most graue precepts of Philosophy. And that makes me oftentimes affect some things, in regard of their vsefulnesse: which being considered according to the Method of Art, and rules of Schollership, would seeme ridiculous.

But I vse more words for my Apology then needes: If this will not giue you satisfaction, I am sorry I haue said so much; and, if you know which way, satisfie your selues. For, how I am resolued (if you thinke it worth the taking notise of) the booke will tell you. *Farewell.*

GEO: WITHER.

WITHER'S Motto.

Nec habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

Nor Haue I, nor Want I, nor Care I.

HAh! will they ſtorme? why let thē; who needs care?
Or who dares frown on what the *Muſes* dare,
Who when they liſt, can for a tempeſt call,
Which thunder louder then their fury ſhall?
And if men cauſeleſly their power contemne,
Will more then mortall vengeance fling on them?
With thine owne trembling ſpirit, thou didſt view
Theſe free-borne lines; that doubtſt what may enſue:
For if thou feltſt the temper of my ſoule,
And knewſt my heart, thou wouldſt not feare controul.
Doe not I know, my honeſt thoughts are cleare
From any priuate ſpleene or malice here?
Doe not I know that none will frowne at this,
But ſuch, as haue apparant guiltineſſe;
Or ſuch as muſt to ſhame and ruine runne,
As ſome, once ayming at my fall haue done?

And can I feare thoſe Idle ſcar-crowes then?
Thoſe bugg-beare perils, thoſe meere ſhades of men?
At whoſe diſpleaſure they for terror ſweat,
Whoſe heart vpon the worlds vaine loue is ſet?
No; when this *Motto* firſt, I mine did make,
To me I tooke it, not for fathions ſake:
But that it might expreſſe me as I am;
And keepe me mindefull to be ſtill the ſame.
Which I reſolue to be: For, could the eye
Of other men, within my breaſt eſpie
My Reſolution, and the Cauſe thereof;
They durſt not at this boldneſſe make a skoffe.
Shall I be fearefull of my ſelfe to ſpeake;
For doubt ſome other may exceptions take?
If this Age hold; ere long we ſhall goe neere
Of eu'ry word of our, to ſtand in feare.
And (fiue to one) if any ſhould confeſſe
Thoſe ſinnes in publike, which his ſoule oppreſſe:
Some guilty fellow (moou'd thereat) would take it
Vnto himſelfe; and ſo, a Libell make it.
Nay; We ſhall hardly be allowd to pray
Againſt a crying-ſinne; leſt great men may
Suſpect, that by a figure we intend
To point out them: and how they doe offend.
As I haue hope to proſper; e're I'le fall
To ſuch a bondage, I'le aduenture all:
And make the whole world madd, to heare how I
Will feareleſſe write and raile at Villany.
But oh! beware (gray-hayrd diſcretion ſayes)
The Dogge fights well that out of danger playes.

For

For now, theſe guilty Times ſo captious be
That ſuch, as loue in ſpeaking to be free;
May for their freedome, to their coſt be ſhent,
How harmeleſſe er'e they be, in their intent:
And ſuch as of their future peace haue care,
Vnto the *Times* a little ſeruile are.
Piſh; tell not me of *Times*, or danger thus:
To doe a villany is dangerous;
But in an honeſt action, my heart knowes
No more of feares, then dead-men doe of blowes.
And to be ſlaue to Times, is worſe to me
Then to be that, which moſt men feare to be.
I tell thee *Critike*; whatſoeuer Thou,
Or any man, of me ſhall cenſure now:
They, who for ought here written doe accuſe,
Or with a mind malicious, taxe my *Muſe*;
Shall nor by day awake nor ſleepe by night,
With more contentment in their glories height;
Then I will doe though they ſhould lay me where
I muſt in darkeneſſe, bolts of Iron weare.
For, I am not ſo ignorant, but that
I partly know what things I may relate:
And what an honeſt man ſhould ſtill conceale,
I know as well, as what he may reueale.
If they be poore and baſe, that feare my ſtraine:
Theſe poore baſe fellowes are afraid in vaine.
I ſcorne to ſpurne a dogge, or ſtrike a flye,
Or with ſuch Groomes to ſoile my Poeſie.
If great they were, and fallen; let them know,
I doe abhor to touch a wounded foe.

If on the top of honour yet they be;
Tis poore weake honour, if ought don by me
May blot, or ſhake the ſame: yea whatſoeare
Their Titles coſt, or they would faine appeare,
They are Ignoble, and beneath me farre;
If with theſe *Meaſures* they diſtempered are.
For, if they had true Greatneſſe. they would know,
The ſpight of all the World, were farre below
The ſeate of Nobleſt Honor; and that He,
In whome true worth, and reall Vertues be,
So well is arm'd: as that he feares no wrong
From any Tyrants hand, or Villaines tongue.
Much leſſe be ſtarted at thoſe *Numbers* would;
Where *Vertue's* praiſed, and proud *Vice* contrould.
Is any man the worſe if I expreſſe
My *Wants*, my *Riches*, or my *Careleſneſſe*?
Or can my honeſt thoughtes, or my content,
Be turn'd to any mans diſparagement,
If he be honeſt? Nay thoſe men will finde,
A pleaſure, in this Picture of my Minde,
Who honor Vertue: and inſtead of blame,
Will (as they haue done) loue me for the ſame.
You are deceiu'd, if the *Bohemian* State
You thinke I touch; or the *Palatinate*:
Or that, this ought of *Eighty-eight* containes;
The *Powder-plot*, or any thing of *Spaines*:
That their *Ambaſſador* need queſtion me,
Or bring me iuſtly for it on my knee.
The ſtate of thoſe Occurrences I know
Too well; my Raptures that way to beſtow-

Nor neede you doubt, but any friend you haue,
May play the foole, and if he liſt the knaue,
For ought here written: For it is not ſuch
As you ſuppoſe; nor what you feare ſo much.
If I had beene diſpos'd to Satyrize,
Would I haue tam'd my *Numbers* in this wiſe?
No; I haue *Furies* that lye ty'de in chaines:
Bold (Engliſh-maſtiue-like) aduentrous Straines:
Who feareleſſe dare on any *Monſter* flye,
That weares a body of mortality.
And I had let them looſe, if I had liſt,
To play againe, the ſharpe-fangd *Satyrift*.
That therefore, you no more miſ-title *This*,
I ſay, it is my *Motto*; and it is.
I'le haue it ſo: For, if it pleaſe not me;
It ſhall not be a *Satyer*, though it be.
What is't to you (or any man) if I,
This litle *Poem* terme as fooliſhly,
As ſome men doe their children? Is it not,
Mine owne *Minerua*, of my braines begot?
For ought I know, I neuer did intrude,
To name your *Whelps*: and if you be ſo rude,
To meddle with my *Kitling* (though in ſport)
Tis odds, but ſhee'le goe neere to ſcratch you for't.
Play with your *Monkey* then, and let it lye:
Or (if you be not angry) take it pray,
And read it ouer.——— ———
——— ——— ——— So; the *Critick's* gone,
Who at theſe *Numbers* carpt; and We alone:
Proceede we to the matter.———

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

SOme hauing seene where I this Motto writ
Beneath my Picture; aske, what meaned it.
And many in my absence, doe assay,
What by these words, they best coniecture may:
Some haue supposed, that it doth expresse,
An vnaduised, desperate Carelesnesse.
Some others doe imagine, that I meant
In little, to set forth a great Content.
Some, on each member of the Sentence *dwell:*
And (first) tell, what I haue not, *seeme to tell:*
What things I want not, *they will next declare:*
And then they gesse, for what I doe not care.
But that they might not from my meaning err,
Ile now become my owne Interpreter.
Some things I haue, *which here I will not show;*
Some things I want, *which you shall neuer know:*
And sometime I (perchance) doe Carefull *grow;*
But we, with that, will nothing haue to doe.
If good occasion be thereof to speake;
Another time, we may the pleasure take.
That, which to treat of, I now purpose (therefor,)
Is what I neither haue, *nor* want, *nor* care *for.*

Nec

Nec Habeo.

AND first; that no man elſe may cenſure me,
For Vaunting what belongeth not to me:
Heare what *I haue not*; for, I'le not deny
To make confeſſion of my pouerty.
I haue not of my ſelfe the powre, or grace,
To be, or not to be; one minute ſpace.
I haue not ſtrength another word to write;
Or tell you what I purpoſe to indite:
Or thinke out halfe a thought, before my death,
But by the leaue of him that gaue me breath.
I haue no natiue goodneſſe in my ſoul;
But I was ouer all corrupt and foul:
And till another cleans'd me, *I had nought*
That was not ſtain'd within me: not a thought.
I haue no propper merrit; neither will,
Or to reſolue, or act but what is ill.
I haue no meanes of ſafety, or content,
In ought which mine owne wiſedome can inuent.
Nor haue I reaſon to be deſperate tho:
Becauſe for this a remedy I know.
I haue no portion in the world like this,
That I may breath that ayre, which common is:
Nor haue I ſeene within this ſpacious *Round*;
What I haue worth my *Ioy* or *ſorrow* found.
Except it hath for theſe that follow binn;
The Loue of my *Redeemer*, and my ſinn.

I none

I none of those great Priuiledges *haue*,
Which make the *Minions* of the Time, so braue.
I haue no sumpteous Pallaces, or Bowers
That ouertop my neighbours, with their Towers.
I haue no large Demeanes or Princely Rents,
Like those *Heroes*; nor their discontents.
I haue no glories from mine Aunceſt ers;
For want of reall worth to bragg of theirs:
Nor haue I baſenes in my pedigree;
For it is noble, though obſcure it be.
I haue no gold those honours to obtaine,
Which men might heretofore, by *Vertue* gaine,
Nor haue I witt, if wealth were giuen me;
To thinke, bought *Place* or *Title*, honour'd me.
I (yet) *haue no* beliefe that they are wiſe,
Who for baſe ends, can baſely temporiſe:
Or that it will at length be ill for me,
That I liu'd poore, to keepe my Spirit free.
I haue no Cauſes in our Pleading *Courts*.
Nor ſtart I at our Chancery *Reports*.
No fearefull *Bill* hath yet affrighted me,
No *Motion*, *Order*, *Iudgement*, or *Decree*.
Nor haue I forced beene to tedious Iorneys,
Betwixt my *Counſellors* and my *Attorneys*.
I haue no neede of those long-gowned warriers,
Who play at *Weſtminſter*, vnarm'd at *Barriers*:
Nor gamſter for those *Common-pleas* am I,
Whoſe ſport is marred, by the *Chancery*.
I haue no iuggling hand, no double tongue;
Nor any minde to take, or doe a wrong.

I haue

I haue no ſhifts or cunning ſleights, on which
I feed my ſelfe, with hope of being rich.
Nor haue I one of theſe, to make me poore;
Hounds, Humors, running Horſes, Haukes, or Whore.
I haue no pleaſure in acquaintance, where
The Rules of State, and Ceremony, are
Obſeru'd ſo ſeriouſly; that I muſt dance,
And act o're all the Complements of *France*,
And *Spaine*, and *Italy*; before I can
Be taken, for a well-bred *Engliſhman*:
And euery time we meet, be forc't agen,
To put in action that moſt idle Sceane.
Mong theſe, much precious time (vnto my coſt)
And much true-hearty meaning haue I loſt.
Which hauing found: I doe reſolue therefore,
To loſe my Time, and Friendſhip, ſo no more.
I haue no Complements; but what may ſhow,
That I doe manners, and good breeding know.
For much I hate, the forced, Apiſh tricks,
Of thoſe our home-diſdaining Politicks:
Who to the Forraine guiſe are ſo affected,
That *Engliſh* Honeſty is quite reiected:
And in the ſtead thereof; they furniſht home,
With ſhaddowes of *Humanity* doe come.
Oh! how iudicious in their owne eſteeme,
And how compleatly, Trauelled they ſeeme;
If in the place of reall kindneſſes,
(Which Nature could haue taught them to expreſſe)
They can with geſtures, lookes, and language ſweet,
Fawne like a Curtezan, on all they meet:

And vie, in humble and kind ſpeaches; when,
They doe moſt proudly, and moſt falſely meane.
On this: too many falſely ſet their face.
Of Courtſhip and of wiſedome: but tis baſe.
For, ſeruile (vnto me) it doth appeare,
When we deſcend, to ſooth and flatter, where
We want affection; yea I hate it more,
Then to be borne a ſlaue; or to be poore.
I haue no pleaſure, or delight in ought,
That by diſſembling, muſt to paſſe be brought.
If I diſlike, I'le ſooner tell them ſo
Then hide my face, beneath a friendly ſhow.
For he, who to be juſt hath an intent,
Needs nor diſſemble, nor a lye inuent.
I rather wiſh to faile with honeſty,
Then to preuaile in ought by treachery.
And with this minde, I'le faſer ſleepe, then all
Our *Machiauillian* Polititians ſhall.
I haue no Minde to flatter; though I might,
Be made ſome Lords companion; or a Knight.
Nor ſhall my Verſe for me on begging goe,
Though I might ſtarue, vnleſſe it did doe ſo.
I haue no Muſes that will ſerue the turne,
At euery Triumph; and reioyce or mourne,
Vpon a minutes warning for their hire;
If with old *Sherry* they themſelues inſpire.
I am not of a temper, like to thoſe
That can prouide an houres ſad talke in *Proſe*,
For any Funerall; and then goe Dine,
And choke my griefe, with Sugar-plums and Wine.

I can-

I cannot at the *Claret* sit and laugh,
And then halfe tipsie, write an *Epitaph*;
Or howle an *Epicedium* for each Groome,
That is, by Fraud, or Nigardize, become
A wealthy Alderman: Nor, for each Gull,
That hath acquir'd the stile of Worshipfull.
I cannot for reward adorne the Hearse,
Of some old rotten *Miser*, with my Verse:
Nor like the *Poetasters* of the Time;
Goe howle a doletull *Elegie* in Ryme,
For every Lord or Ladiship that dyes:
And then perplex their Heires, to Patronize
That muddy *Poesie*. Oh! how I scorne,
Those Raptures, which are free, and nobly borne,
Should Fidler-like, for entertainment scrape
At Strangers windowes: and goe play the Ape,
In counterfeiting Passion, when there's none.
Or in good earnest, foolishly bemoane
(In hope of cursed bounty) their iust death;
Who, (living) merrit not, a minutes breath
To keepe their *Fame* aliue, vnles to blow,
Some Trumpet which their blacke disgrace may show.
I cannot (for my life) my *Pen* compell,
Vpon the praise of any man to dwell:
Vnlesse I know, (or thinke at least) his worth,
To be the same, which I haue blazed forth.
Had I some honest Suite; the gaine of which,
Would make me noble, eminent, and rich:
And that to compasse it, no meanes there were
Vnlesse I basely flatter'd some great Peere;

Would with that Suite, my ruine I might get:
If on thoſe termes I would endeauour it.
I haue not bin to their condition borne,
Who are inclined to reſpect, and ſcorne;
As men in their eſtates, doe riſe or fall:
Or rich or poore, I *Vertue* loue in all.
And where I finde it not, I doe deſpiſe
To fawne on them; how high ſo-e're they riſe.
For, where proud *Greatneſſe* without worth I ſee:
Old *Mordecay* had not a ſtiffer knee.
I cannot giue a *Plaudit* (I proteſt)
When as his Lordſhip thinkes, he breakes a jeaſt,
Vnles it moue me; neither can I grin,
When he a cauſeles laughter doth begin.
I cannot ſweare him, truely honourable;
Becauſe he once receiu'd me to his table:
And talk't as if the *Muſes* glad might be,
That he vouchſafed ſuch a grace to me.
His ſlender worth, I could not blaze on ſo,
By ſtrange *Hyporboles*, as ſome would do.
Or wonder at it, as if none had bin
His equall, ſince King *William* firſt came in.
Nor can I thinke true *Vertue* euer car'd
To giue or take, (for praiſe) what I haue heard.
For, if we peyze them well; what goodly grace,
Haue outward Beauties, Riches, Titles, Place,
Or ſuch; that we, the owners ſhould commend,
When no true vertues, doe on theſe attend?
If beautifull he be, what honour's that?
As faire as he, is many a Beggers brat.

If we, his noble Titles would extoll;
Thoſe Titles, hee may haue and be a fool.
If Seats of Iuſtice he hath climb'd (we ſay)
So Tyrants, and corrupt oppreſſors may.
If for a large eſtate his praiſe we tell:
A thouſand Villaines, may be prais'd as well.
If he, his Princes good eſteeme be in;
Why, ſo hath many a bloody Traytor bin.
And if in theſe thinges he alone excell,
Let thoſe that liſt, vpon his praiſes dwell.
Some other worth I finde, e're I haue ſenſe
Of any praiſe-deſeruing excellence.
I haue no friends, that once affected were,
But to my heart they ſit this day as neare,
As when I moſt endear'd them (though they ſeeme,
To fall from my opinion or eſteeme:)
For precious Time, in idle would be ſpent;
If I with All, ſhould alwayes complement.
And till, my loue I may to purpoſe ſhow;
I care not wher'they thinke I loue or no.
For ſure I am, if any finde me chang'd;
Their greatnes, nor their meanneſſe me eſtrang'd.
I haue not priz'd mens loues, the leſſe or more,
Becauſe I ſaw them, either rich, or poore;
But as their loue, and Vertues did appeare,
I ſuch eſteem'd them, whoſoe're they were.
I haue no truſt, or confidence in friends,
That ſeeke to know me, meerly for their ends,
Nor haue I euer ſaid, *I loued*, yet;
Where I expected more then *Loue* for it,

And let me faile of that where moſt I lou'd,
If that with greater ioy I be not mou'd
By twenty-fold, when I my kindnes ſhow,
Then when their fauours they on me beſtow.
I haue not that vile munde; nor ſhall my breſt
For euer, with ſuch baſenes be poſſeſt;
As in my anger (be it ne're ſo iuſt)
To vtter ought committed to my truſt
In time of friendſhip: though conſtrained ſo,
That want of telling it ſhould me vndo.
For, whoſoe're hath truſt repos'd in me;
Shall euer find me true, though falſe he be.
I haue no loue to *Country*, *Prince* or Friend;
That can be more, or leſſe, or haue an end.
For whatſoeuer ſtate they rais'd me to;
I would not loue them; better then I do.
Nor can I hate them; though on me they ſhould
Heape all the ſcorne and iniury they could.
I haue no doting humor, to affect
Where loue I finde rewarded with neglect.
I neuer was with melancholy ſit
Oppreſſed in ſuch ſtupid manner, yet,
As that vrgently to my friends I ſpake;
Or heed to their contentment, did not take:
Nor haue I felt my Anger ſo inflam'd
But that with gentle ſpeach it might be tam'd.
I haue no priuate cauſe of diſcontent;
Nor grutge againſt the publike gouernment.
I haue no ſpight, or enuy in my breſt,
Nor doth anothers peace diſturbe my reſt.

I haue

I haue not (yet) that dunghill humour, which
Some Great-men haue; who, so they may be rich,
Thinke all gaine sweet, and nought ashamed are,
In vile, and rascall Suites to haue a share.
For I their basenes scorne: and euer loth'd
By wronging others, to be fed or cloth'd,
Much more, to haue my pride, or lust maintain'd,
VVith what, by foule oppression hath bene gain'd.
I haue not bene enamor'd on the *Fate*
Of men, to great aduancements fortunate.
I neuer yet a Fauorite did see
So happy, that I wished to be hee:
Nor would I, whatsoe're of me became;
Be any other man, but who I am.
For, though I am assur'd the destiny
Of millions tendeth to felicity:
Yet, those deare secret comforts, which I finde,
Vnseene, within the closet of my minde:
Giue more assurance of true happines,
Then any outward glories can expresse.
And 'tis so hard, (what shewes soe're there be)
The inward plight of other men to see:
That my estate, with none exchange I dare,
Although my Fortunes more dispised were.
I haue not hitherto divulged ought,
VVherein my words dissented from my thought.
Nor would I faile; if I might able be,
To make my manners, and my words agree.
I *haue not* bene ashamed to confesse
My lowest Fortunes, or the kindnesses,

Of pooreſt men: Nor haue I proud beene made,
By any fauor from a great Man, had
I haue not plac't ſo much of my Content,
Vpon the goods of *Fortune*, to lament
The loſſe of them; more then may ſeemely be,
To grieue for things, which are no part of me.
For, I haue knowne the worſt of being poore;
Yea loſt, when I to loſe haue had no more,
And though, the Coward *World* more quakes for feare
Of Pouerty, then any plagues that are:
Yet, He that mindes his End, obſerues his Ward,
The Meanes perſues, and keepes a heart prepar'd:
Dares, Scorne and Pouerty as boldly meete;
As others gladly, Fame, and Riches greet.
For thoſe, who on the ſtage of this proud World,
Into the pawes of *Want* and *Scorne* are hurld:
Are in the *Maſter-prize*, that trieth men;
And *Vertue* fighteth her brau'ſt Combat, then.
I no Antipathy (as yet) *haue* had,
Twixt me, and any Creature, God hath made:
For if they doe not ſcratch, nor bite, nor ſting,
Snakes, Serpents, Todes, or Catts, or any thing
I can endure to touch, or looke vpon:
(So cannot eu'ry one whom I haue knowne.)
I haue no Nation on the earth abhord,
But with a *Iewe*, or *Spaniard* can accord,
As well, as with my Brother; if I finde
He beare a Vertuous, and Heroick minde.
Yet (I confeſſe) of all men, I moſt hate
Such, as their manners doe adulterate.

Thoſe

Thoſe Linſy-woolſie people, who are neither
French, Engliſh, Scotſh, nor *Dutch*: but altogether
Thoſe, I affect not; rather wiſh I could,
That they were fiſh, or fleſh, or hott, or cold:
But none among all them, worſe brooke I, then
Our meere Hiſpaniolized *Engliſh men*.
And if we ſcape their Trecheries at home,
I'le feare no miſchiefes, where ſo e're I come.
I haue not fear'd who my Religion knowes:
Nor euer for preferment, made I ſhowes
Of what I was not. For, although I may
Through want, be forc't, to put on worſe array,
Vpon my Body; I will euer finde,
Meanes to maintaine, a habit for my Minde,
Of Truth in graine: and weare it, in the ſight
Of all the world: in all the worlds deſpight.
I, their preſumption, *haue not*, who dare blame,
A fault in others; and correct the ſame
With grieuous puniſhments: yet guilty be,
Of thoſe offences in more high degree.
For, oh! how bold, and impudent a face,
(And what vnmoued hearts of Flint and Braſſe)
Haue thoſe corrupted *Magiſtrates*, who dare,
Vpon the ſeat of Iudgement ſit; and there
Without an inward horror preach abroad,
The guilt of Sinne, and heauy wrath of God;
(Againſt offenders pleading at their *Barr*)
Yet know, what plots, within their boſomes are?
Who; when (enthron'd for Iuſtice) they behold,
A reuerend *Magiſtrate*, both graue, and old:

And

And heare how ſternly, he doth aggrauate
Each little crime, offenders perpetrate:
How much the fact he ſeemeth to abhorr;
How he, a iuſt correction labours for;
How he admires, and wonders that among
A people, where the Faith hath florisht long
Such wickednes ſhould raigne which (he hath heard)
The Heathen to commit, haue bin affeard.
Who, that obſerues all this; would thinke that He
Did but an houre before, receiue a fee,
Some Innocent (by law) to murther there?
Or elſe, from Children fatherles to teare
Their iuſt Inheritance? and that when this
Were done (as if that nought had beene amiſſe)
He could goe ſleepe vpon a deed ſo foule;
And neither thinke on mans, or Gods controule?
I haue not a ſtupidity ſo madd,
And this preſumption, I would no man hadd.
I haue no queſtion made, but ſome there are,
Who, when of this my *Motto* they ſhall heare;
Will haue a better ſtomacke, to procure
That I may check, or puniſhment endure,
Then their owne euill manners to amend:
For that's a worke, they cannot yet intend.
And though, they many view (before their face)
Fal'ne, and each minute fa'ling to diſgrace;
(For leſſe offences farre then they commit)
Without remorſe, and penitence they ſit.
As if that They, (and they alone) had binne,
Without the compaſſe of reproofe of ſinne.

I haue no great opinion of their wit,
Nor euer ſaw their actions proſper, yet,
Who wedded to their owne deuiſes be;
And will nor counſell heare, nor danger ſee,
That is foretold them by their trueſt friends:
But rather, liſt to them, who for their ends
Doe ſooth their fancies. And the beſt excuſe;
That ſuch men can, to hide their folly vſe;
(When all their idle proiects come to nought)
Are theſe words of the foole, *I had not thought.*

I haue not their delight, who pleaſure take
At Natures imperfections ſkoffs to make.
Nor haue I bitternes againſt that ſinne,
Which thorow weakenes hath committed bin.
(For I my ſelfe, am to offences prone;
And euery day commit I many a one)
But at their hatefull crimes I onely glance
That ſinne of pleaſure, pride, and arrogance.

I haue not ſo much knowledge as to call
The *Arts* in queſtion; neither wit ſo ſmall,
To waſt my ſpirits, thoſe things to attaine;
Which all the world hath labour'd for in vaine.

I haue not ſo much beauty, to attract
The eyes of Ladies: neither haue I lackt
Of that proportion which doth well ſuffice
To make me gracious, in good peoples eyes.

I haue not done, ſo many a holy deed;
As that of *IESVS CHRIST*, I haue no need.
And my *good-workes* I hope are not ſo few;
But that in me a liuing *Faith* they ſhew.

I haue

I haue not found ability ſo much,
To carry Milſtones; yea, and were it ſuch,
I ſhould not greatly vaunt it: for, in this,
A ſcuruy pack-horſe farr my better is.
I loue his manly ſtrength that can reſiſt
His owne deſires: force paſſage when he liſt
Through all his ſtrong affections, and ſubdue,
The ſtout attempts of that rebellious crewe.
This, were a brauer ſtrength then *Sampſon* got:
And this, I couet, but *I haue* it not.

I haue not ſo much heedleſnes of thinges,
Which appertaine vnto the Courts of Kings;
But that from my low ſtation, I can ſee
A Princes loue may oft abuſed be.
For many men their Country iniure dare
At home; where, all our eyes vpon them are.
And (of the worlds Protector) I implore,
The truſt abroad, be not abuſed more.

I haue no Brother, but of younger age,
Nor haue I Birth-right without heritage:
And with that land, let me inherit ſhame;
Vnleſſe I grieue when I poſſeſſe the ſame.

The value of a penny *haue I not*,
That was by bribry, or extortion got.
I haue no Lands that from the Church were pild,
To bring (hereafter) ruine to my Child.
And hitherto, I thinke, I haue beene free
From Widdowes, or from Orphants curſing me.

The *Spleene*, the *Collicke*, or the *Lethargy*,
Gouts, *Palſies*, *Dropſies*, or a *Lunacy*.

I (by inheritance) *haue none* of theſe:
Nor raigning ſinne; nor any foule diſeaſe.
I haue no debts, but ſuch as (when I can)
I meane to pay; nor is there any man
(To whom I ſtand ingag'd by ought I borrow)
Shall loſſe ſuſtaine, though I ſhould dye to morrow.
And if they ſhould (ſo much my friends they be)
Their greateſt loſſe ſhe'le thinke the loſſe of me.
And well they know, I tooke not what they lent,
To wrong their loues, or to be idly ſpent.
Except the *Deuill*, and that curſed brood,
Which haue dependance on his Deuil-hood,
I know *no* foes *I haue*; for, if there be,
In none, more malice, then I finde in me:
The earth, that man (at this time) doth not beare
Who would not, if ſome iuſt occaſions were;
(Eu'n in his height of ſpleene) my life to ſaue,
Aduenture with one foot, into his graue.
To make me carefull; Children *I haue none*;
Nor haue I, any Wife to get them on;
Nor haue I, (yet to keepe her) had I one;
Nor can this ſpoyle my Marriage being knowne.
Since I am ſure, I was not borne for her,
That ſhall before my worth, her wealth prefer:
For, I doe ſet my Vertues, at a rate,
As high as any priſe their Riches at.
And if All count, the venture too much coſt,
In keeping it my ſelfe there's nothing loſt.
For, ſhe I wed, ſhall ſomewhat thinke in me
More worthy Loue, then great reuenues be.

And if I finde not one, of such a minde,
(As such indeed, are Iewels rare to finde)
Ile clasped in mine owne embraces lye:
And neuer touch a woman till I dye.
For, shall a Fellow, whom (the Vsurer)
His father, by extortion did prefer
Vnto an heritage in value cleare,
Aboue foure times a thousand pounds a yeare,
So worthy, or so confident become?
(By meanes of that his goodly annuall somme,
Which may be lost to morrow) as to dare
Attempt a *Nymph* of Honour for his pheare?
Shall he, that hath with those foure thousand pounds
A gaming vaine; a deepe-mouth'd cry of Hounds,
Three call of Hawkes, of Whores as many brace,
Sixe hunting Naggs, and fiue more for the race:
(Perhaps a numerous brood of fighting-Cocks)
Physitians, Barbers, Surgeons for the Pox;
And twenty other humors to maintaine;
(Beside the yearely charges of his traine)
With this reuenue? Most of which, or all
To morgage must be set? perhaps to sale
To pay his creditors, and yet all faile
To keepe his crasie body from the Iayle?
Shall this dull Foole, with his vncertaine store
(And in all honesty and Vertues poore)
Hope for a *Mistresse*, noble, rich, and faire?
And is it likely, that I can dispaire
To be as happy, if I seeke it would?
Who such a matchlesse fortune haue in hold;

That

That though the *World* my ruine plot and threat,
I can in ſpight of it be rich, and great?
A ſilly Girle, no ſooner vnderſtands,
That ſhee is left in Portion, or in Lands;
So large a fortune, that it doth excell
The greateſt part, who neare about her dwell;
But ſtraight begins to rate, and prize her ſelfe
According to the value of her pelfe.
And though to Gentry, nor good breeding born;
Can all, that haue eſtates beneath her, ſcorn.
This wit a *Woman* hath; and ſhall not I,
Who know I haue a *Wealth*, which none can buy
For all the world; expect a nobler phere
Then ſutes vnto a hundred pounds a yeere?
Shall loue of Truth, and Vertue make of me
A match no better worthy, then is He
Who knowes not what they meane? and doth poſſeſſe
In outward fortunes neither more nor leſſe?
Haue I oft heard ſo many faire ones plaine
How fruitles Titles are? how poore and vaine
They found rich greatnes, where they did not find,
True Loue, and the endowments of the mind?
Haue fayreſt Ladies often ſworne to me
That if they might, but onely, *Miſtreſſe* be
Of true affection; they would prize it more
Then all thoſe glories, which the moſt adore?
Haue I obſerv'd how hard it is to find
A conſtant heart? a iuſt and honeſt mind?
How few good natures in the world there are,
How ſcanty true affection is? how rare?

And

And ſhall I paſſe as true a Heart away,
As hath conceiu'd an honeſt thought to day:
As if in value to no more it came,
Then would endeare me to a vulgar Dame
On equall termes? or elſe vndoe me with
Some old rich Croan, that hath out-liu'd her teeth?
I'le rather breake it with proud ſcorne; that dead,
The wormes may rifle for my *Mayden-head.*
I haue no loue to beauties, which are gone
Much like a Roſe in Iune, aſſoone as blowne.
Thoſe painted *Cabinets* and nought within,
Haue little power my reſpect to win.
Nor haue I, yet, that ſtupid loue to pelfe,
As for the hope thereof, to yoke my ſelfe
With any female; betwixt whom, and me,
There could not in the ſoule, a marriage be.
For whoſoeuer ioyne without that care;
Fooles, and accurſed in their matches are;
And ſo are you, that either heare or view
What I auerr; vnleſſe you thinke it true.
I haue no meaning, whenſoere I wed,
That my companion, ſhall become my head.
Nor would I (if I meant to keepe my right)
So much as ſay ſo, though that win her might.
Not though a Dutcheſſe: for, the meanes Ile vſe
To keepe my worth, though my reward I looſe.
Yea, from a priſon had ſhe raiſed me,
Lord of her fortunes, and her Selfe to be:
I that reſpect, would ſtill expect to haue,
Which might become her Husband; not her ſlaue.

And

And ſhould I ſpouſe a Beggar; I would ſhew,
VVhat loue, and honor, to a wife were due.
I haue not, yet, of any ſcorned binn;
VVhoſe good opinion, I haue ſought to winn.
Nor haue I (when I meane to woe) a feare,
That any man, ſhall make me, willow weare.
I haue not eyes ſo excellent, to ſee
Things (as ſome men can doe) before they be.
Nor purblinde ſight; which crimes farre off can mark:
Yet ſeeme, no faults, which are more neare me, dark.
I haue not eares for euery tale that's told:
Nor memory, things friuelous to hold.
I haue not their credulity that dare,
Giue credit vnto all reports they heare.
Nor haue I ſubiect to their dulnes beene,
VVho can beleeue no more then they haue ſeene.
I haue no feeling of thoſe wrongs that be
By baſe vnworthy fellowes, offerd me:
For, my contentment; and my glory, lyes
Aboue the pitch, their ſpight, or malice flyes.
I haue not neede enough, as yet, to ſerue;
Nor impudence to craue, till I deſerue.
I haue no hope, the worlds eſteeme to get:
Nor could a foole, or knaue, e're brooke me yet.
I haue not villany enough, to prey
Vpon the weake: or friendſhip to betray.
Nor haue I ſo much loue to life, that I
VVould ſeeke to ſaue it by diſhoneſty:
I haue not Cowardiſe enough to feare,
In honeſt actions; though my death be there:

Nor heart, to perpetrate a wilfull sinne:
Though I with safety, large renowne might winne;
And for omitting it, were sure to dye,
Ne'r to be thought on, but with infamy.
I haue not their base cruelty, who can
Insult, vpon an ouer-grieued man:
Or tread on him, that at my feet doth bow.
For, I protest, no villany I know
That could be done me; but if I perceiu'd
(Or thought) the doer, without faigning grieu'd;
I truely could forgiue him; as if hee
Had neuer in a thought abused mee.
And if my loue to mercy, I belye
Let God deny me mercy when I dye.
I haue not that vnhappinesse, to be
A Romans Sonne; For he had trained me,
In some vaine path; and I had neuer sought,
That knowledge which my pouerty hath taught.
I haue no inclination to respect
Each vulgar complement, nor neglect
An honest sheu of friendship: For, I sweare,
I rather wish, that I deceiued were;
Then of so base a disposition be,
As to distrust, till cause were giuen me.
I haue no Constitution, to accord
To ought dishoneſt sooner for a Lord,
Then for his meaneſt Groome; and hopes there be
It neuer will be otherwise with me.
I haue no pollicies to make me seeme
A man well worthy of the worlds esteeme.

Nor

Nor haue I hope, I shall hereafter grow,
To any more regard, for saying so;
I haue no doubt, though here a slighted thing;
But I am fauorite, to Heau'ns great King.
Nor haue I feare but all thats good in me;
Shall in my Life, or Death, rewarded be.
But yet, *I haue not* that attain'd, for which
Those who account this nothing, thinke me rich:
Nor that, which they doe reckon worthe steeme;
To whom the riches of the minde, doe seeme
A scornefull pouerty. But let that go,
Men cannot prize the Pearles they doe not know.
Nor haue I power to teach them: for if I,
Should here consume my gift of Poesie:
(And wholy waste my spirits, to expresse
What rich contents, a poore estate may blesse)
'Twere impossible, to moue the sense
Of those braue things, in their intelligence.
I haue not found, on what I may relie;
Vnlesse it carry some Diuinitie
To make me confident: for, all the glory,
And all hopes faire; in things meere transitory.
What man is there among vs, doth not knowe,
A thousand men, this night to bed will goe,
Of many a hundred goodly things possest;
That shall haue nought to morrow but a Chest,
And one poore Sheet to lie in? What I may,
Next morning haue, I know not; But to day,
A *Friend*, *Meat*, *Drinke*, and fitting *Clothes* to weare;
Some *Bookes* and *Papers*, which my Iewels are;

A *Seruant* and a *Horſe*: all this I haue,
And when I dye, one promiſt me a *Graue*.
A *Graue*; that quiet cloſet of Content:
And I haue built my ſelfe a *Monument*.
But (as I liue) excepting onely this;
(Which of my wealth the *Inuentory*, is)
I haue ſo little; I my oath might ſaue:
If I ſhould take it, that *I, nothing haue*.

Nec Careo.

AND yet, what *Want I*? or who knoweth how,
I may be richer made then I am now?
Or what great *Peere*, or wealthy *Alderman*,
Bequeath, his ſonne, ſo great a Fortune can:
I nothing want that needfull is to haue;
Sought I no more, then Nature bids me craue.
For; as we ſee, the ſmalleſt *Vials*, may
As full as greateſt *Glaſſes* be; though they
Much leſſe containe: So, my ſmall portion giues
That full content to me; in which he liues,
Who moſt poſſeſſeth: and with larger ſtore,
I might fill others, but my ſelfe, no more.
I want not Temperance to reſt content
With what the prouidence of God, hath lent:
Nor want I a ſufficiencie, to know;
Which way to vſe it, if he more beſtow.
For, as when me, one horſe would eaſier beare,
To ride on two at once, it madnes were:

And

And, as when one ſmall Bowle might quench my thirſt
To lift a Veſſell, that my backe might burſt
Were wondrous folly: So abſurd a thing,
It were in me; ſhould I neglect a Spring,
(Whole plenty may a Countries want ſupply)
To dwell by ſome ſmall *Poole* that would be dry?
If therefore ought doe happen in the way;
Which on a iuſt occaſion ſeeke I may:
I want not reſolution, to make triall;
Nor want I patience, if I haue deniall.
Men aske me what Preferment I haue gain'd;
What riches, by my Studies are attain'd:
And thoſe that fed, and fatned are with draffe
For their deſtruction; pleaſe themſelues to laugh
At my low Fate; As if I nought had got
(For my enriching) cauſe they ſaw it not.
Alas! that Mole-ey'd iſſue, cannot ſee,
What Patrimonies, are beſtow'd on mee.
There is a brauer wealthineſſe, then what;
They, (by aboundance) haue attained at.
Had I their wealth I ſhould not ſleepe the more
Securely for it; and, were I as poore
In outward fortunes, as men Shipwrackt are:
I ſhould (of pouerty) haue no more feare,
Then if I had the Riches and the powers;
Of all the Eaſterne Kings, and Emperors.
For, Graſſe though trod into the earth may grow:
And higheſt Cedars, haue an ouerthrow.
Yea, I haue ſeene, as many begger'd by
Their fathers wealth; and much proſperity:

As haue by want miſ-done. And for each one,
VVhom by his riches, I aduanc't haue knowne;
I three could reckon, who through being poore,
Haue raiſd their Fortunes, and their friends the more.
To what contents doe men moſt wealthy mount,
VVhich I inioy not; if their Cares we count:
My cloathing keepes me full as warme as their,
My Meates vnto my taſte, as pleaſing are.
I feed enough my hunger to ſuffice:
I ſleep, till I my ſelfe, am pleaſd to riſe.
My Dreames as ſweet, and full of quiet be:
My waking cares, as ſeldome trouble me.
I haue as oftentimes, a Sunny day:
And ſport, and laugh, and ſing, as well as they.
I breath as wholſome, and as ſweet an Ayre;
As louing as my *Miſtreſſe*, and as faire.
My body is as healthy; and I finde,
As little cauſe of ſickneſſe, in my minde.
I am as wiſe, I thinke, as ſome of theſe;
And oft my ſelfe as foolifhly diſpoſe:
For, of the wiſeſt, I am none (as yet)
And I haue nigh, as little haire, as wit:
Of neither, haue I ought to let to farme,
Nor ſo much want I, as may keepe me warme.
I finde my Liuer ſound, my Ioynts well knit:
Youth, and good *Diet*, are my Doctors yet.
Nor on *Potatoes*, or *Eringoes* feed I;
No Meates reſtorative, to raiſe me, need I:
Nor *Amber-greece*, with other things confected,
To take away the ſtinke, of Lungs infected,

I neu'r

I neu'r in need of *Apthecary* stood,
Or any Surgeons hand to let me b'ood:
For since the Rod, my Tutor hurled by,
I haue not medled with *Phlebotomy*.
As good as other mens, my senses be;
Each limbe I haue, as able's in me.
And whether I, as louely be, or no:
Tis ten to one, but some doe thinke me so.
The wealthiest men, no benefits possesse,
But I haue such; or better, in their place.
As they my low condition, can contemne;
So, I know how to fling a scorne at them.
My Fame, is yet as faire, and flies as farre,
As some mens, that with Titles laden are.
Yea, by my selfe much more I haue attain'd,
Then many, haue with helpe of others gain'd.
And my esteeme, I will not change for their,
Whose Fortunes are ten thousand more a yeare.
Nor want I so much grace, as to confesse;
That God is Author of this happinesse.
I want not so much iudgement, as to see
There must twixt men and men a difference be,
And I, of those in place, account doe make,
(Though they be wicked) for good orders sake.
But I could stoope to serue them at their feet,
Where old *Nobility*, and *Vertue* meet.
To finde mine owne defects, *I want not* sense:
Nor want I will to grieue, for my offence.
To see my Friend misdoe, *I want not* eyes;
Nor Loue, to couer his infirmities.

I want not Spirit, if I once but know
The way be iuſt, and noble that I goe.
My mind's as great as theirs that greateſt are;
Yet, I can make it fit the clothes I weare.
And whether I aſcend, or lower fall:
I want not hope, but I preſerue it ſhall.
I want no ſlanders; neither want I braine,
To ſcorne the Raſcall humors, of the vaine
And giddy multitude, And (truſt me) they
So farre vnable are to take away
My reſolution; that no more it feares
The worſt their ignorance, or malice dares:
Then doth the *Moone*, when doggs and birds of night,
Do barking ſtand, or whooting at her light.
And if this miſchiefe, no way ſhun I could,
But that they praiſe me, or diſpraiſe me would:
Rather wiſh, their tongues ſhould blaſt my name;
Then be beholding to them for my fame.
I want nor wit, nor honeſty enough
To keepe my hand, from ſuch baſe Raſcall ſtuffe,
As if a *Libell:* For, although I ſhall
Sometime let flye, at *Vice* in generall,
I ſpare particulers; Nor ſhall a Knaue
In my *Lines* liue, ſo much as ſhame to haue.
But in his owne corruption, dye, and rott;
That all his memory may be forgott.
I want not ſo much Knowledge, as to know,
That *Wiſedome*, lies not in a glorious ſhow
Of humane Learning; or in being able
To cite Authority innumerable.

No:

Nor in a new inuention. But that man,
Who make good vſe of eu'ry creature can:
And from all things, that happen well, or ill,
Contentment drawes; (and keepes a Conſcience ſtill,
To witneſſe his endeauors to be good)
That man is wiſeſt; though he vnderſtood
The language of no countrey but his owne,
Nor euer had the vſe of Letters knowne.
To make faire ſhewes, of *Honeſty* and *Arts*;
Of *Knowledge* and *Religion*, are the parts
This Age doth ſtriue to play: but few there are,
Who truly are the ſame they doe appeare.
And this is that, which daily makes vs ſee
So many, whom we honeſt thought to be,
And Wiſe, and learned, (while ſome *Sceanes* doe laſt)
Proue Fooles, and Knaues, before their *Act* be paſt.
I want not ſenſe, of thoſe Mens miſeries;
Who lol'd aſleepe in their proſperities
Muſt ſhortly fall; and with a heauy eye
Behold their pompe, and pleaſures vaniſh by:
And how that *Miſtreſſe* they ſo doted on
(Their proud *Vaine-glory*) will with ſcorne be gon,
I feele me thinkes with what a drooping heart,
Thes, and their idle hopes, begin to part:
And with what mighty burthens of vnreſt
Their poore diſtemperd ſoules, will be oppreſt.
How much they will repent I doe foreſee;
How much confuſed, and aſham'd they'l be,
And as I praiſe their doome; eu'n ſo I pray,
Their ſhame, and ſorrow, worke their comfort may.

I want

I WANT NOT much experiment, to ſhow
That all is good God pleaſeth to beſtow;
(What ſhape ſoeuer he doth maske it in)
For all my former cares, my ioyes haue bin:
And I haue truſt, that all my woes to come,
Will bring my Soule, eternall comforts home.
I doe not finde, within me, other feares;
Then what to men, of all degrees appeares.
I haue a conſcience that is cleane within;
For, (though I guilty am of many a ſinne)
A kinde redeemer, I haue found, and he
His Righteouſnes impu ern vnto me.
The Greateſt, haue no Greatnes, more then I,
In bearing out a Want, or Miſery.
I can aſwell, to paſſion ſet a bound:
I brooke aſwell the ſmarting of a wound.
Aſwell endure I, to be hunger-bit;
Aſwell can wreſtle, with an ague fit.
My eyes can wake as long as their Lime ſure;
And as much cold, or heat I can endure.
Yea, let my deareſt friends excuſed be,
From heaping ſcorne, or iniuries on me;
(Come all the world) and I my heart can make,
To brooke as much, before it ſhrinke, or breake
As theirs, that doe the nobleſt Titles were;
And ſlight as much their frown that might'ſt are.
For, if in me at any time appeare,
A baſhfulnes (which ſome miſtitle, feare)
It is in doubt, leaſt I through folly may
Some things vnfitting me; or doe, or ſay:

But not that I am fearefull to be ſhent;
For dread of Men, or feare of puniſhment.
And yet, *no* faults *I want*; *nor want* in me,
Affections which in other men there be.
Aſmuch I hate an incivility;
Aſmuch am taken with a Courteſie;
Aſmuch abhorre I, brutiſh Vanities;
Aſmuch allow I, Chriſtian Liberties;
Aſſoone an iniury, I can perceiue;
And with as free a heart, I can forgiue.
My hand in Anger, I as well can ſtay;
And I dare ſtrike as ſtout a man as they;
And when I know, that I amiſſe haue done;
I am as much aſham'd as any one.
If my affections, more then others be;
I haue more comforts, to keepe heart in me.
I haue a *Faith* will carry me on high:
Vntill it lift me to *Eternity*.
I haue a *Hope*, that neither want, nor ſpight,
Nor grim Aduerſity, ſhall ſtop this flight:
But that vndaunted, I my courſe ſhall hold,
Though twenty thouſand Deuils croſſe me ſhould.
Yet (I confeſſe) in this my Pilgrimage,
I like ſome Infant am, of tender age;
For, as the Childe, who from his Father hath
Strai'd in ſome Groue, through many a crooked path:
Is ſometime hopefull, that he finds the way;
And ſometime doubtfull, he runs more aſtray.
Sometime, with faire, and eaſie paths, doth meet;
Sometime with rougher tracts, that ſtay his feet.

Here

Here runnes, there goes, and yon amazed ſtayes;
Now cryes, and ſtraight forgets his care, and playes.
Then hearing where his louing Father calls,
Makes haſte; but through a zeale ill-guided, falls;
Or runnes ſome other way: Vntill that *He*,
(Whoſe loue is more, then his endeauours be)
To ſeeke this *Wanderer* foorth, himſelfe doth come,
And take him, in his armes, and beare him home.
So, in this Life, this Groue of ignorance;
As to my homeward, I my ſelfe aduance;
Sometime aright, and ſometime wrong I goe;
Sometime, my pace is ſpeedy, ſometime ſlow;
Sometime I ſtagger, and ſometime I fall:
Sometime I ſing, ſometime for helpe I call.
One while, my wayes are pleaſant vnto me;
Another while as full of Cares they be:
Now, I haue Courage, and doe nothing feare,
Anon, my Spirits halfe deiected are.
I doubt, and hope, and doubt, and hope againe;
And many a change of Paſſions I ſuſtaine;
In this my Iourney: So that now and then,
I loſt may ſeeme (perhaps) to other men.
Yea, to my ſelfe a while, when ſinnes impure,
Doe my *Redeemers* loue, from me obſcure.
But (whatſoe're betide) I know full well,
My Father (who aboue the Cloudes doe dwell)
An eye vpon his wandring Childe doth caſt:
And He, will fetch me, to my home at laſt.
For, of Gods loue, a Witneſſe want not I;
And whom He loues, He loues eternally.

I haue

I haue within my breaſt, a little Heart,
Which ſeemes to be compoſed, of a part,
Of all my Friends: For, (truely) whenſoe're
They ſuffer any thing, I feele it there.
And they no ſooner a Complaint doe make,
But preſently, it falls to pant, and ake.
I haue a Loue, that is as ſtrong as *Fate*,
And ſuch, as cannot be impayr'd by Hate.
And (whatſoeuer the ſucceſſe may proue)
I want not yet, the comfort of my Loue.
Theſe, are the *Iewels* that doe make me rich;
Theſe, while I doe poſſeſſe, *I want not* much:
And I ſo happy am, that ſtill I beare,
Theſe Riches with me: and ſo ſafe they are,
That Pyrats, Robbers, no deuice of man,
Or Tyrants powre, depriue me of them can.
And were I naked, forced to exile;
More Treaſure, I ſhould carry from this *Ile*;
Then ſhould be ſold; though for it I might gaine,
The wealth of all *America* and *Spaine*.
For, this makes ſweet my life; and when I dye,
Will bring the ſleepe of Death on quietly.
Yea, ſuch as greateſt pompe, in life time haue;
Shall finde no warmer lodging, in their Graue.
Beſides; *I want not* many things they need,
Who Me in outward Fortunes doe exceed.
I want no Guard, or Coate of Musket proofe;
My Innocence, is guardian ſtrong enough.
I want no Title; for, to be the Seruant,
Of the *Almighty*; is a glorious one:

I want

I want no Followers; for, through Faith I see
A troup of Angels, still attending me.
Through want of Friendship *need I not* repine,
For God and Goodmen are still friends of mine.
And when I journey to the *North*, the *East*,
The pleasant *South*, or to the fertile *West*;
I cannot want for proffer'd Courtesies,
As farre as our *Great-Britaines* Empire lies.
In euery *Shire*, and Corner of the Land,
To welcome me, doe Houses open stand,
Of best esteeme: And Strangers to my face,
Haue thought me worth the feasting, & more grace
Then I will boast of: lest you may suspect,
That I those glories (which I scorne) affect.
Of my acquaintance were a thousand glad,
And sought it, though nor wealth, nor Place I had,
For their aduantage, And, if some more high,
(Who on the multitudes of friends relye)
Had but a Fortune equall vnto me,
Their troupe of Followers would as slender be:
And those mong whom, they now esteeme haue won,
Would scarsely thinke them, worth the looking on.
I want no Office; for (though none be voyde)
A Christian findes he may be still employd.
I want no Pleasures, for I pleasures make,
What euer God is pleas'd, I vndertake.
Companions *want I not*, For know, that I,
Am one, of that renown'd *Societie*:
Which by the *Name* we carry, first was knowne,
At *Antioch*, so many yeares agone.

And

And greatest Kings, themselues haue happy thought
That to this noble *Order*, they were brought.
I want not Armes, to fit me for the Field;
My Prayers, are my Sword; my *Faith*, my shield:
By which, (how ere you prize them) I haue got,
Vnwounded, thorow twenty thousand Shot.
And with these Armes, I Heauen thinke to skale,
Though Hell the Ditch were, & more high the Wall.
A thousand other Priuiledges more,
I doe possesse; in which the world is poore.
Yea, I so long could reckon, you would grant,
That though I nothing haue; *I nothing want.*
And did the *King*, but know how rich I were;
I durst to pawne my Fortunes, he would sweare,
That were he not the *King*; I had beene *Hee*,
Whom he (of all men) would haue wisht to be.

Nec Curo.

THen, to vouchsafe me yet more fauour here;
He that supplies my *Want*, hath tooke my *Care*.
And when to barre me ought, he sees it fit,
He doth infuse a Minde to sleight at it.
Why, if He all thinges needfull doth bestow,
Should I for what I haue not, carefull grow?
Low place I keepe; yet to a *Greatnesse* borne,
Which doth the Worlds affected Greatnesse scorne:
I doe disdaine her glories and contemne,
Those muddy spirits that delight in them.

I care

I care for *no* mans Countenance, or grace,
Vnleſſe he be as good, as great in place.
For no mans ſpight, or enuie doe *I care*:
For, none haue ſpight at me, that honeſt are.
I care not for that baſer wealth, in which
Vice may become, aſwell as Vertue rich.
I care not for their friendſhip, who haue ſpent,
Loues beſt expreſſions, in meere Complement:
Nor for thoſe Fauors (though a Queenes they were)
In which I thought another had a ſhare.
I care not for their Praiſe, who doe not ſhow,
That in their liues, which they in words allow.
A ruſh *I care not* who condemneth me;
That ſees not what, my Soules intentions bee.
I care not though to all men knowne it were,
Both whom I loue, or hate; For none I feare.
I care not though ſome Courtiers ſtill preferre,
The Paraſite, and ſmooth-tongu'd Flatterer,
Before my bold truth ſpeaking *Lines*, And here,
If theſe ſhould anger them, *I doe not care.*
I care not for that goodly *Precious Stone*;
Which *Chymiſts* haue ſo fondly doted on.
Nor would I giue a rotten Chip, that I
Were of the *Roſie-Croſſe*, Fraternity:
For, I the world too well haue vnderſtood,
As to be gall'd with ſuch a *Brother-hood.*
I care for no more knowledge, then to know
What I to God, and to my Neighbour owe.
For outward Beauties *I doe nothing care*,
So I within, may faire to God appeare:

No

No other liberty *I care* to winne,
But to be wholy free-ed from my ſinne.
Nor more Abilitie (whilſt I haue breath)
Then ſtrength to beare my Croſſes to my death.
Nor can the Earth affoord a happineſſe
That ſhall be greater then this *Careleſneſſe.*
For ſuch a *Life* I ſoone ſhould *Careles* grow,
In which I had not leaſure more to know.
Nor care I, in a knowledge paines to take,
Which doth not thoſe, who get it, wiſer make:
Nor for that *Wiſedome*, doe I greatly *care*;
Which would not make me ſomewhat honeſter.
Nor for that morall *Honeſtie*, that ſhall
Refuſe to ioyne Religion, therewithall.
Nor for that zealous ſeeming *Piety*,
Which wanteth loue and morrall Honeſty.
Nor for their *Loues*, whoſe baſe affections be,
More for their luſt, then for ought good in me.
Nor, for ought *good* within me ſhould I care,
But that, they ſprincklings of Gods goodneſſe are.
For many Bookes *I care not*; and my ſtore
Might now ſuffice me, though I had no more,
Then Gods two *Teſtaments*, and therewithall
That mighty *Volume*, which the *World* we call.
For, theſe well lookt on, well in minde preſern'd;
The preſent Ages paſſages obſeru'd:
My priuate Actions, ſeriouſly oreview'd.
My thoughts recald, and what of them enſu'd:
Are Bookes, which better farre, inſtruct me can,
Then all the other Paper-workes of Man;

And some of These, I may be reading to,
Where e're I come, or whatsoe're I do.
I care not though a sight of Idle *Guls*,
(With lauish tongues and euer-empty skulls)
Doe let my better-temperd Labours lye;
And since, I Termely make not *Pamphlets* flye,
Say I am idle, and doe nothing now.
As if that I were bound, to let Them know,
What I were doing; Or to cast away
My breath, and Studies, on such fooles as They.
I much disdaine it: For, these Blockes be Those,
That vse to read my *Verse* like ragged *Prose*;
And such as so their Bookes be new,) ne're care
Of what esteeme nor of what vse they are.
I care not, though a vaine and spungy crew,
Of shallow *Criticks*, in each *Tauerne* spew
Their drunken censures on my Poesie;
Vntill among their Cupps, they sprawling lye.
These poore, betattered *Rimers*, (now and then)
With *Wine* and *Impudence* inspired, can
Some fustian language vtter, which doth seeme
(Among their base admirers) worth esteeme.
But those base Iuie-Poets, neuer knew;
Which way, a sprightly, honest Rapture flew:
Nor can they relish, any straine of wit,
But, what was in some drunken fury, writ.
Those needy *Poetasters*; to preferr
Their nasty stuffe, to some dull *Stationer*;
With Impudence extoll it: and will tell him,
The very Title of their booke, shall sell him,

As many thousands of them (wholly told)
As euer of my *Satyrs*, haue beene sold,
Yet, e're a twelue-moneth by the walls it lies;
Or to the Kitchin, or the Pastry hies.
Sometime, that these mens Rymes may heeded be,
They giue (forsooth) a secret Ierke at me.
But so obscurely, that no man may know,
Who there was meant, vntill they tell them so.
For fearing me, They dare not to be plaine;
And yet my vengeance they suspect in vaine.
For I can keepe my way, and careless be;
Though twenty snarling *Curres* doe barke at me.
And while my Fame, those fooles doe murmur at;
(And vex themselues) with laughing, I am fat.
I am not much inquisitiue, to know,
For what braue Action our last Fleet did go:
What men abroad performe, or what at home;
Who shall be *Emperour*, or *Pope* of *Rome*;
What newes from *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Turkey* are;
Whether of Merchandize, of Peace or Warre:
Whether *Mogul* the *Sophy*, *Prester-Iohn*,
The Duke of *China* or the Ile *Iapan*,
The mightier be: for, things impertinent
To my particular, or my Content
I little heede; (though much thereof I know)
Nor care I whether it be true or no.
Mor for because, I careless am become;
Of the neglected State of Christendome.
But, cause (I am assur'd) what euer shall
Vnto the *Church*, or *Common-wealth* befall;

(Through *Sathans* ſpight, or humane Trechery,
Or, our relying on weake *Polecy*)
Gods promiſe to his glory ſhall preuaile:
Yea, when the fond attempts of men doe fayle,
And they lye ſmoaking, in th'infernall Pit;
Then *Truth* and *Vertue*, ſhall in Glory ſit.
Thoſe, who in loue to things that wicked are;
And thoſe, who thorough Cowardize and feare,
Became the damned Inſtruments, whereby
To ſet vp *Vice* and *falſehood's* Tyranny;
Eu'n thoſe ſhall periſh by their owne offence:
And they who loued *Truth*, and *Innocence*;
Out of oppreſſion ſhall aduance their head:
And on the ruines of thoſe *Tyrants* tread,
Oh! let that *Truth*, and *Innocence*, in me
For euer vndefil'd preſerued be:
And let me liue no more: if then *I care*,
How many miſeries I liue to beare.
For, well I know, I ſhould not weigh how great,
The perils are, that my deſtruction threat.
Nor chaynes, nor dungeons ſhould my ſoule affright
Nor grimmeſt Apparitions of the Night:
Though men from Hell could of the Deuill borrow,
Thoſe vgly proſpects, to augment my ſorrow.
But proue me guilty; and my Conſcience than
Inflicts more ſmart, then bloody Tortures can.
And none (I thinke) of me could viler deeme;
Then I my ſelfe, vnto my ſelfe ſhould ſeeme.
If good and honeſt my endeauors be,
What day they were begun ne're troubles me.

I care not whether it be calme, or blow,
Or raine, or ſhine, or freeze, or haile or ſnow:
Nor whether it be *Autumne*, or the *Spring*;
Or whether, firſt I heare the Cuckow ſing,
Or firſt the Nightingale: *nor doe I care*
Whether my dreames, of *Flowers*, or *Weddings* are.
What Beaſt doth croſſe me, *care I not* at all;
Nor how the Goblet, or the Salt doth fall;
Nor what aſpect the *Planets* pleaſe to ſhow;
Nor how the Diall, or the Clocke doth goe.
I doe not care to be inquiſitiue,
How many weekes, or months, I haue to liue.
For, how is't like, that I ſhould better grow,
When I my Time ſhall twelue-month longer know;
If I dare act, a Villany, and yet,
Know I may die, whilſt I am doeing it?
Let them, whoſe braines are ſicke of that diſeaſe,
Be ſlaues vnto an *Ephemerides*
Search *Conſtellations*, and themſelues apply;
To find the *Fate* of their *Nativity*.
I'le ſeeke within me; and if there I find,
Thoſe *Stars*, that ſhould giue light vnto my mind,
Riſe faire and timely in me, and affect,
Each other with a naturall aſpect.
If in coniunction there perceiue I may
True *Vertue*, and *Religion* euery day:
And walke according to that influence,
Which is deriued vnto me from thence:
I feare no Fortunes, whatſoe're they be,
Nor care I, what my *Stars* doe threaten me.

For He, who to that State can once attaine;
Aboue the power of all the Starres doth raigne.
And he, that gaines a knowledge wherewithall,
He is prepar'd for whatsoe're may fall:
In my Conceit, is farre a happier man;
Then such, as but foretell mis-fortunes can.
I start not at a *Friers* prophecy,
Or those with which we *Merlin* doe belye.
Nor am I frighted, with the sad relation,
Of any neare-approaching Alteration.
For things haue euer changd, and euer shall;
Vntill there be a change run ouer All.
And he that beares an honest heart about him;
Needes never feare, what changes be without him.
The *Eastern* Kingdomes, had their times to florish
The *Grecian* Empire rising, saw them perish;
That fell, and then the *Roman* Pride began;
Now scourged by the race of *Ottoman*.
And if the course of things around must run;
Till they haue ending, where they first begun,
What is't to me? who peraduenture must,
Ere that befall; 'ye, moulther'd into dust.
What if *America's* large Tract of ground,
And all those Iles adioyning, lately found?
(Which we more truely may a *Desert* call,
Then any of the worlds more ciuill Pale.)
What then? if there the Wildernesse doe lye,
To which the *Woman*, and her *Sonne* must flye,
To scape the *Dragons* fury; and there bide,
Till *Europes* thankelesse *Nations* (full of pride,

And all abomination) ſcourged are,
With Barbariſme as their neighbours were?
If thus God pleaſe to doe; and make our ſinn
The cauſe of bringing other *Peoples* in,
His *Church* to be (as once he pleaſed was,
The *Gentiles* calling ſhould be brought to paſſe,
The better, by the *Iewiſh* vnbeliefe,)
Why, ſhould his pleaſure be my care, or griefe?
Oh! let his *Name* and *Church* more glorious grow;
Although my ruine helpe to make it ſo.
So I, my duty in my place haue done,
I care not greatly, what ſucceed thereon:
For ſure I am, if I can pleaſed be,
With what God wills; all ſhall be well for me.
I hate, to haue a thought o're-ſerious ſpent,
In things meere triuiall, or indifferent.
When I am hungry, ſo I get a diſh,
I care not, whether it be fleſh or fiſh;
Or any thing, ſo wholſome foode it be:
Nor care I, whether you doe carue to me,
The head, the tayle, the wing, the legge, or none;
For, all I like, and all can let alone.
I care not, at your Table where I ſit;
Nor ſhould I thinke I were diſgrac't in it,
(So much as you) if I ſhould thence in skoffe,
To feed among your Groomes be turned off.
For I am ſure that no affront can blot,
His Reputation, that deſerues it not.
To be o're-curious, I doe not profeſſe;
Nor euer Car'd I, for vncleanlineſſe.

For I ne're loued that Philosophy,
Which taught men to be rude and slouenly.
I care not what you weares, or You, or He,
Nor of what fashion my next clothes shall be,
Yet to be singuler in Antique fashions,
I hold as vaine, as Apish imitations,
Of each phantastique garb our Gallants weare:
For some, as fondly proud conceited are,
To know, that the beholder, taketh note,
How they still keepe, their Grandsires russet Coate:
As is the proudest Lady, when that she
Hath all the fashions, that last extant be.
I care for no more Credit, then will serue,
The honour of the *Vertuous* to preserue:
For, if the showes of honesty in me,
To others Vertues, would no blemish be;
(Nor make them deemed Hypocrites) if I
Should falsly be accus'd of Villany:
Sure, whether I were innocent, or no;
I should not thinke the World, worth telling so.
Because to most men, nothing bad doth seeme,
Nor nothing vertuous; but as vnto them,
Occasion makes it good, or ill appeare.
Yea, foulest Crimes, while they vnpunisht are:
Or bring in profit, no disgrace are thought;
And truest Vertues, poore, are set at naught
I care for no more Pleasures then will make,
The Way which I intend to vndertake,
So passible; that my vnweally loade
Of frailties, incident to flesh and blood

Discourage not my willing soule from that,
Which she on good aduice, hath aymed at.
I care for no more Time then will amount,
To doe my worke, and make vp my account.
I care for no more Money then will pay
The reckoning, and the charges of the day.
And if I neede not now, I will not borrow,
For feare of wants, that I may haue to morrow.
What Kings, and States-men meane; *I doe not care*;
Nor will I iudge, what their intentions are:
For priuate censures, helpe not any way;
But iniure them in their proceedings may.
Yet, Princes (by experience) we haue seene,
By those they loue, haue greatly wronged beene.
Their too much trust, doth often danger breed,
And Serpents in their Royall bosoms feed.
For, all the fauours, guifts and places, which
Should honour them; doe but these men enrich.
With those, they further their owne priuate ends:
Their faction strengthen, gratifie their friends:
Gaine new Associates, daily to their parts,
And from their Soueraigne, steale away the hearts,
Of such as are about them; For those be
Their Creatures; and but rarely, thankes hath He,
Because the Grants of *Pension*, and of *Place*;
Are taken as Their fauors, not *His* grace.
And (which is yet a greater wickednesse)
When these, the loyall Subiects doe oppresse,
And grinde the faces of the poore, aliue;
They'le doe it, by the Kings Prerogatiue.

They

They make *Him* Patron of their Villany;
And when *Hee* thinkes they ſerue Him Faithfully,
Secure him in their Loues and all things do,
According both to *Law* and Conſcience to;
By Vertue of his *Name* they perpetrate
A world of Miſchiefes: They abuſe the State;
His truer-hearted Seruants, they diſgrace,
Bring their debauched Followers, into grace;
His Coffers rob; yea, (worſer farre then vſe *Him*)
The true affections of his people looſe Him:
And make thoſe hearts (which did in him beleeue,
All matchleſſe Vertues) to ſuſpect, and grieue.
Now, (by that Loyalty I owe my Prince)
This of all Treaſon, is the Quinteſſence.
A Treaſon ſo abhorred, that to Me,
No Treachery could halfe ſo odious be.
Not though my death they plotted; for more deare,
My honor, and my Friends affections are
Then twenty Kingdomes, and ten thouſand liues.
And, whoſoeuer, Me of that depriues:
I finde it would, a great deale harder be,
To moue my heart to pardon; then if he
Conſpired had, (when I leaſt thought the ſame)
To root out my poſterity, and *Name*.
Who next in *Court* ſhall fall, *I doe not care*:
For, my delights, in no mans ruines are.
Nor meane I, to depend on any, ſo,
That his diſgrace ſhall be my ouerthrow.
I care as little, who ſhall next ariſe;
For none of my Ambition that way lyes.

Thoſe

Thoſe riſing *Starres*, would neuer deigne to ſhine,
On any good endeauour, yet, of mine
Nor can I thinke there ſhall hereafter be,
A man amongſt them, that will fauour Me.
For I a *Scourge* doe carry, which doth feare them;
And loue too much *Plaine-dealing* to be neare them.
If my experience teach me any thing,
I care not old *Antiquities* to bring;
But can as well beleeue it to be ſo,
As if 'twere writ, three thouſand yeeres ago.
And where I finde, good ground for my aſſent,
I'le not be halter'd to a *Preſident*.
If men ſpeake reaſon, tis all one to me,
Whether their *Tenet*, *Ariſtotles* be;
Or ſome *Barbarians*, who ſcarce heard of yet;
So much as with what *Names*, the *Arts* we fit.
Or whether, for an *Author* you infer,
Some *Foole*, or ſome renown'd *Philoſopher*.
In my *Religion*, I dare entertaine,
No fancies hatched in mine owne weake braine;
Nor priuate *Spirits*: But, am ruled by
The *Scriptures*; and that *Church* Authority,
Which with the auncient *Faith* doth beſt agree;
But new opinions will not downe with me.
When I would learne, I neuer greatly care,
So *Truth* they teach me; who my teachers were.
In points of *Faith*, I looke not on the *Man*;
Nor *Beza*, *Caluin*, neither *Luther* can
More things, without iuſt proofe perſwade me to,
Then any honeſt Pariſh-Clarke can do.

The

The auncient *Fathers*, (where conſent I find)
Doe make me, without doubting, of their mind.
But where in his opinion any *One*
Of theſe great *Pillers*, I ſhall finde alone;
(Except in queſtions which indifferent are,
And ſuch as till his Time, vnmooued were)
I ſhun his Doctrine; For, this ſwayeth me,
No man alone in points of Faith can be.
Old *Ambroſe*, *Auſtine*, *Ierome*, *Chryſoſtome*,
Or any *Father*; if his Reuerence come,
To moue my free aſſent to any thing.
Which *Reaſon* warrants not (vnleſſe he bring,
The ſacred word of God to giue me for it)
I prize not this opinion; but abhorr it.
Nay; I no faction gainſt the *Truth* would follow,
Although Diuineſt *Paul*, and Great *Apollo*,
Did leade me; if that poſſible it were,
That they ſhould haue permitted bin to erre.
And whilſt that I am in the right, (Icare not
How wiſe, or learned, Them, you thinke, that are not.
I care not, who did heare me, if I ſaid,
That he who for a place of Iuſtice paid
A golden Inn-come, was no honeſt Man,
Nor he that ſold it: for I proue it can,
And will maintaine it, that ſo long as Thoſe,
And *Church-preferments*, we to ſale expoſe;
Nor *Common-wealth*, nor *Church* ſhall euer be,
From hatefull Brib'ry, or damn'd Schiſme, free,
I may be blam'd, perhaps, for ſpeaking this;
But much I *care not*: for the *Truth it is*.

And were I certaine, that to blaze the ſame,
Would ſet thoſe things (that are amiſſe) in frame.
Shame be my end but I would vndertake it,
Though I were ſure to periſh when I ſpake it.
I care not for *Preferments* which are ſold,
And bought by men of common worth) for gold,
For, he is nobler who can thoſe contemne,
Then moſt of ſuch, as ſeeke eſteeme in them.
I doe not for thoſe ayrie Titles *care*,
Which fooles, and knaues, as well as I may weare.
Or that my *Name* (when e're it ſhall be writt)
Should be obſcur'd with twenty after it.
For could I ſet my minde on vulgar *Fame*;
I would not thinke it hard to make my *Name*,
Mine owne *Name*, purchaſe me as true renown;
As to be cald, by ſome old ruin'd Town.
I loue my *Country*, yet *I doe not care*,
In what Dominions my abidings are:
For, any Region on the Earth ſhall be,
(On good occaſion) natiue Soile to me.
I care not though there be a muddy crew,
Whoſe blockiſhnes, (becauſe it neuer knew
The ground of this my *Careleſneſſe*) will ſmile,
As if they thought I raued, all this while.
For, thoſe the *Prouerb* ſaith, *That liue in Hell*
Can ne'r conceiue what 'tis in Heauen to dwell.
I care not for thoſe Places, whereunto
Bad men doe ſooner climbe then *Good men* do:
And from whoſe euer-gogling ſtation, all
May at the pleaſure of another, fall.

But oh! How careleſſe euery way, am I,
Of their baſe mindes, who liuing decently
Vpon their owne Demeanes; there feareleſſe might
Enioy the day from morning vntill night,
In ſweet contentments: rendring prayſe to *Him*,
Who gaue this bleſſings, and this reſt to them;
That free from Cares, and Enuies of the Court,
They honor'd in their Neighbours good report;
Might twenty pleaſures, that Kings not, trie;
And keepe a quiet *Conſcience*, till they die?
Oh God! how madd are they, who thus may do;
Yet, that poore happineſſe to reach vnto,
Which is but painted; will thoſe bleſſings ſhunn,
And bribe and woo, and ſweete to be vndone?
How dull are they? Who, when they home may keep
And there, vpon their owne ſoft pillow ſleepe,
In deare ſecurity; would roame about,
Vncertaine hopes, or pleaſures to finde out?
Yea, ſtraine themſelues a ſlippery place to buy,
With hazarding, their ſtates to beggery?
With giuing vp, their Liberties, their Fame?
With their aduenturing on perpetuall ſhame:
With proſtituting *Neeces*, *Daughters*, *Wiues*,
By putting into leopardy their liues?
By ſelling of their *Country*, and the ſale
Of *Iuſtice*, or *Religion*; Soule and All?
Still dreaming on Content; although they may
Behold, by new examples, eu'ry day
That thoſe hopes faile; and faile them not alone,
In ſuch vaine things as they preſumed on:

But bring them alſo (many-times) thoſe cares,
Thoſe ſad diſtractions, thoſe diſpaires, and feares;
That all their glorious guilding, cannot hide
Thoſe woefull ruines on their inner-ſide.
But, ten to one, at length they doe depart;
With loſſe, with ſhame, and with a broken heart.
I care not for this Humor, but I had,
Far rather lye in *Bedlem*, chain'd and madd;
Then be, with theſe mens frantique mood poſſeſt:
For there they doe leſſe harme, and haue more reſt.
I care not when there comes a *Parliament*:
For I am no projector, who inuent
New *Monopolies*, or ſuch *Suites*, as Thoſe,
Who, wickedly pretending goodly ſhowes,
Abuſes to reforme; engender more:
And farre leſſe tollerable, then before.
Abuſing *Prince*, and *State*, and *Common-weale*;
Their (iuſt deſerued) beggeries to heale:
Or, that their ill-got profit, may aduance,
To ſome Great Place, their Pride, and Ignorance.
Nor by Extortion, nor through Bribery,
To any Seat of Iuſtice, climb'd am I;
Nor liue I ſo, as that I need *to care*.
Though my proceedings, ſhould be queſtion'd There.
And ſome there be, would giue their Coat away;
That they, could this as confidently ſay.
I care for no ſuch thriuing Pollicy,
As makes a foole, of Morrall Honeſty.
For, ſuch occaſions happen now, and than:
That He prooues Wiſe, that proues an Honeſt man.

And

And howsoere our *Project-mongers* deeme,
Of such mens Fortunes, and of them esteeme;
(How big soe're they looke; how braue soe're,
Among their base Admirers they appeare:
Though ne're so trimme, in others feathers dight;
Though clad with Title of a Lord, or Knight;
And by a hundred thousand croucht vnto)
Those gaudy Vpstarts, no more prize, I doe,
Then poorest *Kennell-rakers*; yea, they are
Things, which I count, so little worth my care;
That (as I loue faire *Vertue*) I protest,
Among all honest men the beggerl'est,
And most betatter'd Pesant, in mine eye,
Is Nobler, and more full of Maiestie;
Then all that braue bespangl'd Rabblement,
Compos'd of Pride, of Shifts, and Complement.
Let great and Courtly Pers'nages delight,
In some dull *Gestor*, or a *Parasite*;
Or in their dry *Buffoone*, that gracefully,
Can sing them bawdy songs, and sweare, and lye;
And let their *Masterships* (if so they please)
Still fauour more, the slauerings of These,
Then my free *Numbers*. For, I care no more,
To be approued, or esteemed, for
A witty *Make-sport*; then an *Ape* to be.
And whosoeuer takes delight in me,
For any quality that doth affect
His *Senses* better, then his *Intellect*;
I care not for his loue. My dogge doth so;
He loues, as farre as sensuall loue can go.

And

And if how well he lou'd me, I did weigh,
Deserues (perhaps) as much respect as they.
I haue a *Soule*, and must beloued be
For that which makes a louely *Soule* in me;
Or else, their Loues, so little *care* / for,
That them, and their affections I abhorr.
I care not, though some Fellowes, whose desert
Might raise them, to the Pillory, the Cart,
The Stocks, the Branding-Iron, or the Whipp,
(With such-like due Preferment) those doe skipp;
And by their blacke endeauours purchase can,
The Priuiledges of a Noble-man.
And be as confident, in what they doe:
As if by Vertue they were rais'd thereto.
For, as true Vertue hath a confidence,
So, Vice, and Villaines haue their impudence.
And manly Resolution, both are thought,
Till both are to an equall triall brought;
But vicious Impudence, then proues a mocke:
And Vertuous Constancy, endures the Shoke.
Though such vnworthy *Groomes*, who t'other day,
Were but their Masters *Panders* to puruey
The fuell of their Lust; and had no more,
But the Reuertion of their meat, their Whore,
And their old cloathes to bragg of. Though that these;
(The foes to Vertue, and the Times disease)
Haue now, to couer o're their knauery,
Got on the Robes, of Wealth, and Brauery;
And dare behaue their Roguehips sawcily,
In presence of our old Nobility:

As if they had beene borne to act a part,
In the contempt of Honor, and Defart.
Though all this be; and though it often hath
Diſcourag'd many a One, in *Vertues* Path)
I am the ſame, and *Care not*: For, I know,
Thoſe *Butter-flies*, haue but a Time to ſhow
Their painted wings; that when a ſtorme is neare,
Our habits, which for any weather are,
May ſhew more glorious, whilſt they ſhrinking lye,
In ſome old creuis, and there ſtarue and dye.

Thoſe Dues, which vnto *Vertue* doe belong,
He that deſpiſeth, offers *Vertue* wrong.
So, he that followes *Vertue* for rewards;
And more the Credit, then the Act regards;
(Or ſuch eſteeme as others ſeeke, doth miſſe)
Himſelfe imagines, worthier then He is.
If therefore, I can tread the way I ought,
I care not how ignoble, I be thought:
Nor for thoſe Honors doe I care a fly,
Which any man can giue me, or deny:
For what I reckon worth aſpiring to,
Is got and kept, whe'r others will or no.
And all the world can neuer raiſe a man
To ſuch braue heights, as his owne Vertues can.
I care not for that Gentry, which doth lye,
In nothing but a Coat of Heraldry.
One Vertue more I rather wiſh I had;
Then all the Heralds to mine *Armes* could add:
Yea, I had rather, by my induſtry
I could acquire ſome one good quality.

Then through the *Families*, that nobleſt be
From fifty Kings to draw my Pedigree.
Of *Nations*, or of *Countries*, *I nought care*,
To be commander; my Ambitions are,
To haue the Rule, and Soueraignty of things
Which doe command great Emperors, and Kings.
Thoſe ſtrong, and mighty Paſſions, wherewithall
Great Monarch's haue bin foild, & brought in thrall;
I hope to trample on And whilſt that They
Force but my body (if I diſobey)
I rule that Spirit; which, would they conſtraine,
Beyond my will; They ſhould attempt in vaine,
Yea, whilſt they bounded within Limits here,
On ſome few Mortals, onely domineer,
Thoſe Tittles, and that Crowne, I doe purſue;
Which ſhall the Diuels to my powre ſubdue.
I eare not for that *Valour*, which is got
By furious Choller, or the *Sherry-pot*.
Nor (if my Cauſe be ill to heare men ſay,
I fought it out, eu'n when my bowels lay
Beneath my feete. A deſperateneſſe it is,
And there is nothing worthy praiſe in this;
For I haue ſeene (and you may ſee it to)
That any Maſtiue dogge as much will doe.
He valiant is, who knowes the diſ-eſteeme,
The vulger haue, of ſuch as Cowards ſeeme.
And yet dares ſeeme one, rather then beſtow
Againſt an honeſt cauſe, or word, or blow:
Though, elſe he fear'd no more, to fight, or die;
Then you to ſtrike a dogg, or kill a flie.

Yea, him I honour, who new wakt from sleeping,
Findes all his Spirits so their temper keeping;
As that he would not start, though by him there,
Grim Death, and Hell, and all the Diuels were.
I care not for a Coward, for to me,
No Beasts on Earth, more truely hatefull be;
Since all the Villanies that can be thought
Throughout the World, and altogether brought
To make one Villane; can make nothing more,
Then he that is a Coward, was before.
And he that is so, can be nothing lesse
Then the perfection of all wickednesse.
In him no manly virtues dwelling are;
Nor any shewes thereof, except, for feare.
In no braue resolution is he strong,
Nor dares he bide in any goodnesse long.
For, if one threatning from his foe there come,
His vowed Resolution starts he from.
And cares not what destruction others haue,
So he may gaine but hope, himselfe to saue.
The man that hath a fearefull heart, is sure
Of that disease that neuer findes a cure.
For take and arme him through in euery place,
Build round about him twenty wals of Brasse.
Girt him with Trenches, whose deepe bottoms lye
Twice lower, then three times the *Alpes* are hye.
Prouide (those Trenches, and those walls to ward)
A Million of old Souldiers for his gard;
All honest men and sworne: His Feauer will
Breake in (despight of all) and shake him still.

To

To ſcape this feare; his Guard he would betray,
Make cruelly his deareſt friend away;
Act, any baſe, or any wicked thing,
Be Traytor to his Country, or his King;
For-ſweare his God, and in ſome fright goe nigh
To Hang himſelfe, to ſcape the feare to die.
And for theſe reaſons, *I ſhall neuer Care*,
To reckon them for friends, that Cowards are.
I care not for large Fortunes; For I find,
Great wants, beſt trie the Greatneſſe of the minde.
And though I muſt confeſſe, ſuch Times there be
In which the common wiſh, hath place in me.
Yet, when I ſearch my heart, and what content
My God vouchſafe me hath; I count my Rent
To be aboue, a thouſand pound a yeare,
More then it can vnto the World appeare.
And with more welth, I leſſe content might finde,
If I with Riches, had ſome rich-mans minde.
A dainty Pallate would conſume in cheere,
(More then I doe) a hundred pounds a yeare,
And leaue me worſe ſuffiſed then I am.
Had I an inclination, much to game;
A thouſand Markes, would annually away,
And yet I want my full content at Play.
If I in Hawkes or Doggs had much delight;
Twelue hundred Crowne, it yearely waſt me might;
And yet, not halfe that pleaſure bring me to,
Which, from one *Line* of This, receiue I do.
If I to braue Apparell were inclind;
Fiue *Students* Penſions, I ſhould yearely ſpend,

Yet not be pleas'd ſo well, with what I weare
As now I am; Nor take ſo little Care
I much for Phyſicke might be forc't to giue;
And yet a thouſand fold, leſſe healthy liue.
To keepe my Right, the Law my goods might waſt;
And with vexation tire me out at laſt.
These, and (no doubt) with theſe full many a thing
To make me leſſe Content, more wealth might bring
Yet more employ me to; for, few I ſee
Who owners of the greateſt Fortunes be:
But they haue ſtill, as they more riches gaine,
More State, more luſts, and troubles to maintaine
With their Reuennues. That the whole Account,
Of their great ſeeming Bliſſe, doth ſcarſe amount,
To halfe of my content. And can I leſſe
Eſteeme this rare acquired happineſſe,
Then I, a thouſand pounds in rent would prize?
Since with leſſe trouble, it doth more ſuffice?
No; for, as when the March is ſwift and long,
And men haue foes to meet, both fierce and ſtrong;
That Souldier in the Conflict beſt doth fare
Who getteth Armes of proofe, that lighteſt are:
So; I, who with a little, doe enioy
As much my Pleaſure and Content, as they
Whom, farre more wealth and buſineſſe doth moleſt;
Account my Fortune, and eſtate the beſt.
Gods fauour in it, I extoll the more:
And great poſſeſſions, much leſſe *care I for.*
I care not ſo I ſtill my ſelfe may be,
What others are, or who takes place of me.

I care

I care not for the Times vniuſt neglect;
Nor feare their frownes, nor praiſe their vaine reſpect.
For, to my ſelfe my worth doth neuer ſeeme;
Or more, or leſſe, for other mens eſteeme.
The *Turke*, the *Deuill*, *Antichriſt*, and all
The Rable of that Body-myſticall,
I care not for; And I ſhould ſorry be,
If I ſhould giue them cauſe to care for me.
What Chriſtians ought not to be carefull for,
What the *Eternall Eſſence* doth abhorr,
I hate as I am able; And for ought
Which God approues not; when I ſpend a thought.
I truely wiſh that from my eyes might raine,
A ſhower of Teares, to buy it backe againe.
I care not for their Kin, who bluſh to ſee,
Thoſe of their blood, who are in meane degree.
For, that bewrayes vnworthines; and ſhowes,
How they by Chance, and not by Vertue roſe.
To ſay, *My Lord*, *my Couſen*, cann to me
(In my opinion) no ſuch honour be;
(If he from Vertues precepts goe aſtray,)
As when *my honeſt Kinſman*, I can ſay.
And they are Fooles, who, when they raiſed are;
Faine their beginnings, nobler then they were.
Yea, they doe rob themſelues of trueſt Fame,
With ſome falſe honor to belye their Name.
For, ſuch as to the higheſt Titles riſe,
From poore beginnings, haue more tongues and eyes,
To honour and obſerue them (farre) then all
That doe ſucceed them, euer boaſt of, ſhall,

For, being nothing more then they were borne,
Men heede them not, (vnleſſe they merit ſcorne)
For ſome vnworthineſſe. And then, perchance,
As their Forefathers meanneſſe, did aduance
His praiſe the higher; ſo their Greatneſſe ſhall,
Make greater both their Infamy, and Fall.

It is mens glory therefore, not a blot,
When they the ſtart, of all their Names haue got;
And it was worthleſſe Enuy, firſt begun,
That falſe opinion, which ſo farre hath run.
Which well they know, whoſe Vertues honor winn,
And ſhame not to confeſſe, their pooreſt Kinn.
For, whenſoeuer they doe looke on *Thoſe*,
To God they prayſes giue, and thus ſuppoſe:
Loe; when the hand of Heauen aduanced *Vs*,
Aboue our brethren, to be lifted thus;
He let them ſtay behind, for markes to ſhow,
From whence we came, and whither we may goe.

To haue the Minde of thoſe, *I doe not care*,
Who both ſo ſhameleſſe, and ſo fooliſh are;
That to acquire ſome poore eſteeme, where they
Were neuer heard of, vntill yeſterday,
(And neuer ſhall perhaps, be thought on more)
Can Prodigally there, conſume their ſtore:
And ſtand vpon their points of honor ſo;
As if their Credit, had an ouerthrow:
Without Redemption; If in ought they miſſe,
Wherein th'accompliſh *Gallant* punctuall is.
Yet baſely, eu'ry Quallitie deſpiſe;
In which true Wiſedome, and true honor lies.

If you, and one of those, should dine to day,
Twere three to one, but He for all would pay:
If but your Seruant light him to the doore,
He will reward him; If but he, and's whore,
Caroche a Furlong are; the Coachman may,
For sennight after, let his Horses play.
And yet, this fellow, whom abroad you shall
Perceiue so noble, and so liberall,
(To gaine a dayes, perhaps, but one houres Fame)
Mong those that hardly, will enquire his Name.
At home (where euery good, and euery ill,
Remaines to honour, or to shame him still)
Neglects Humanity. Yea, where he liues,
And needes most loue; all cause of hatred giues.
To poll, to racke, to ruine, and oppresse,
The poore the Widow, and the fatherlesse.
To shift, to lye, to couzen, and delay,
The Lab'rer and the Creditor of pay,
Are there his practises. And yet this Asse,
Would for a man of worth, and honour passe.
The Deuill he shall assoone: and I will write,
The Story of his being Conuertite.
I care not for the Worlds vaine blast of *Fame*,
Nor doe I greatly feare the Trumpe of shame:
For whatsoeuer good, or ill is done,
The rumor of it in a weeke is gone.
One thing put out another; And men sorrow,
To day, perhaps, for what they ioy to morrow.
And it is likely, that e're night they may,
Condemne the Man, they praysed yesterday;

Hang

Hang him next morning, and be ſorry then;
Becauſe he cannot be aliue agen.
But, grant the fame of things had larger date:
Alas! what glory is it, if men prate
In ſome three Pariſhes of that we doe,
When three great Kingdomes, are but Mole-hils to,
The earth's Circumference? And ſcarce one man
Of twenty Millions, know our actions can?
Belieue me; it is worth ſo little thought,
(If the offence to others were not ought)
What mens opinions, or their ſpeeches be;
That were there not, a better cauſe in me,
Which moou'd to *Vertue*) *I would neuer care*,
Whether, my Actions, good or euill were.
Though ſtill vnheeded, of the World, I ſpend,
My Time, and Studies, to the nobleſt end;
One hayre, *I care not*. For, I find reward,
Beyond the Worlds requitall, or regard.
And ſince all men, ſome things erronious doe;
And muſt in Iuſtice, ſomewhat ſuffer to.
In part of my correction, This, I take;
And that I fauourd am, account doe make.
I care not, though, there eu'ry houre, ſhould be
Some outward diſcontent to buſie me.
And, as I would not too much Tryall haue;
So, too much, carnall peace I doe not craue.
The one, might giue my Faith a dangerous blow;
The other would peruert my life, I know.
For, few loue *Vertue* in Aduerſity;
But fewer hold it, in Proſperitie.

Vaine *Hopes* (when I had nought, but hopes alone)
Haue made me erre: Then whither had I gone,
(If I, the full poſſeſsion had attain'd)
When, but meere Hopes, my heart to folly train'd?
Smoth *Waies* would make me wantō; And my courſe
Muſt lye, where Labor, Induſtry, and Force,
Muſt worke me Paſſage: or, I ſhall not keepe,
My *Soule* from dull Securities, dead-ſleepe.
But, outward diſcontentments makes me flye,
Farre higher, then the worlds *Contents* doe lye.
I neither for their pompe, or glory *care*:
Who by the loue of vice aduanced are.
Faire *Vertue* is the louely Nymph I ſerue;
Her *Will* I follow, Her *Commands* obſerue;
Yea (though the purblind world perceiue not where)
The beſt of all Her *Fauours* I doe weare.
And, when great *Vices*, with faire bayted hookes,
Large promiſes of fauour tempting lookes,
And twenty wiles, hath woo'd me to betray,
That noble *Miſtreſſe*; I haue turn'd away:
And flung defiance both at Them and Theirs,
In ſpight of all their gaudy *Seruiters*.
In which braue daring, I oppos'd haue bin,
By mighty Tyrants; and was plunged in,
More wants, then thrice my fortunes would haue borne;
When our *Heroes* did, or feare, or ſcorne,
To lend me ſucour, (yea, in that weake age
When I but newly entred on the Stage,
Of this proud world) So that, vnleſſe the King
Had nobly pleas'd, to heare the *Muſes* ſing,

My bold *Appologie*; Till now, might I
Haue ſtruggling bin, beneath their Tyranny.
But all thoſe threatning *Comets*, I haue ſeene
Blaze, till their glories quite extinct haue beene.
And I, that cruſht and loſt was thought to bee;
Liue yet, to pitty Thoſe, that ſpighted Me:
Enioying Hopes which ſo well grounded are,
That, what may follow, I nor feare, *nor care.*
Yet thoſe I know there be, who doe expect,
What length my Hopes ſhall haue, and what effect.
With enuious eyes awayting euery day
When all my confidence ſhall ſlip away.
And, make me glad, through thoſe baſe paths to fly;
Which they haue trod, to raiſe their Fortunes by.
They flout to heare, that I doe Conſcience make,
What Place I ſue for, or what Courſe I take.
They laugh to ſee me ſpend, my youthfull time,
In ſerious *Studies*; and to teach my *Rime*
The *Straines* of *Vertue*; whil'ſt I might, perchance,
By Lines of Rybaldry, my ſelfe aduance
To place of fauour. They make skoffes, to heare
The praiſe of Honeſty; as if it were.
For none but vulgar mindes. And ſince they liue
In braue proſperity; they doe beleeue
It ſhall continue: And account of Me,
As one ſcarce worthy, of their ſcorne to be.
All this is *Truth*; yea, truſt me, *care I not*;
Nor loue I *Vertue*, ought the worſe a iot.
For, I oft ſaid, that I ſhould liue, to ſee
My *Way*, farre ſafer, then their Courſes be.

And I haue ſeene, nor one, nor two, nor ten,
But (in few yeares) great numbers of thoſe men,
From goodly brauery, to raggs decline;
And waite vpon as poore a *Fate* as mine.
Yea thoſe, whom but a day or two before,
Were (in their owne vaine hopes) a great deale more
Then any of our Auncient *Baronage*:
(And ſuch as many Wiſemen of this age
Haue wiſht to be the men) eu'n thoſe, haue I
Seene hurled downe to ſhame, and beggery,
In one twelue houres: and grow ſo miſerable,
That they became, the ſcornefull, hatefull fable
Of all the Kingdome. And there's none ſo bace,
But thought himſelfe, a man in better caſe.
This, makes me pleaſed with mine owne eſtate,
And fearefull to deſire anothers Fate.
This makes me *Careleſſe* of the worlds proud ſcorne,
And of thoſe glories, whereto ſuch are borne.
And, if to haue me, ſtill kept meane and poore,
To Gods great Glory, ſhall ought add the more:
Or if to haue diſgraces heapt on me;
(For others, in their way to Bliſſe) may be
Of more Aduantage, then to ſee me thriue
In outward Fortunes, or more prized liue:
I care not though I neuer ſee that day,
Which with one pinns-worth more enrich me may.
Yea, by the eternall *Deity* I vow;
Who knowes I lie not, who doth heare me, now.
Whoſe dreadfull Maieſty is all I feare,
Of whoſe great *Spirit*, Theſe, the ſparcklings are,

And who will make me, ſuch proud daring, rue;
If this my proteſtation be vntrue.
So I may ſtill retaine that inward Peace,
That loue and taſte, of the eternall Bliſſe;
Thoſe matchleſſe Comforts, and thoſe braue deſires,
Thoſe ſweet Contentments, and immortall Fyres,
Which at this inſtant doe inflame my breſt;
(And are to excellent to be expreſt.)
I doe not care a Ruſh, though I were borne,
Vnto the greateſt Pouerty; and ſcorne:
That (ſince God firſt infuſ'd it; with his breath)
Poore Fleſh and bloud, did euer groane beneath.
Excepting onely, ſuch a load it were,
As no *Humanity* was made to beare.
Yea, let me keepe theſe Thoughts; and let be hurld,
Vpon my backe, the ſpight of all the world,
Let me haue neither drinke, nor bread to eate,
Nor Cloathes to weare, but thoſe for which I ſweate.
Let me become vnto my foes a ſlaue;
Or, cauſeleſſe here, the markes of Iuſtice, haue;
For ſome great Villany, that I nere thought,
Let my beſt actions, be againſt me brought.
That ſmall repute, and that poore little Fame,
Which I haue got; let men vnto my ſhame
Hereafter turne. Let me become the fable,
A talke of Fooles. Let me be miſerable,
In all mens eyes, and yet let no man ſpare,
(Though that would make me happy,) halfe a teare.
Nay, (which is More vnſufferable farre,
Then all the miſeries yet ſpoken are)

Let that deare *Friend*, whose loue is more to me,
Then all those drops of Crymson liquor be,
That warme my heart; (and for whose onely good:
I could the brunt, of all this Care, haue stood)
Let him forsake me. Let that prized Friend,
Be cruell to; and when distrest, I send
To seeke his Comfort, let him looke on me,
With bitter scorne, and so hard-hearted be;
As that (although he know me innocent,
And how those Miseries I vnderwent,
In loue to him) He, yet deny me should,
One gentle looke, though that suffice me could.
And (truely grieu'd, to make me) bring in place,
My well knowne Foe, to scorne me, to my face.
Let this befall me; and with this, beside,
Let Me, be for the faulty friend belide.
Let my Religion, and my honestie;
Be counted till my death Hypocrysie.
And, when I die, let till the generall *Doome*,
My *Name*, each houre into question come,
For *Sinnes* I neuer did. And if to this,
You ought can add, which yet more grieuous is,
Let that befall me to; So that, in Me,
Those comforts may encrease, that springing be,
To helpe me beare it. Let that Grace descend,
Of which I now, some portion apprehend:
And then, as I already (here-tofore)
(Vpon my *Makers* strength, relying) swore,
So, now I sweare againe; If ought it could,
Gods glory further, that I suffer should:

Those

Thoſe Miſeries recited; *I nor care,*
How ſoone they ceazd me, nor how long they were:
For, He can make them Pleaſures, and I know;
As long as he inflicts them, will doe ſo.
Nor vnto this Aſſurance am I come,
By any *Apothegmes*, gathered from
Our old, and much admir'd *Phyloſophers.*
My Sayings are mine owne, as well as theirs;
For, whatſoe're account, of them is made,
I haue as good experience of them had:
Yea, when I die (though now they fleighted be)
The *Times* to come, for Them, ſhall honour me;
And praiſe that *Minde* of mine, which now perchance,
Shall be reputed fooliſh Arrogance.
Oh! that my *Lines* were able to expreſſe,
The Cauſe, and Ground, of this my *Careleſneſſe.*
That I might ſhew you, what braue things they be,
Which at this inſtant are a fire in me.
Fooles may deride me, and ſuppoſe, that This
(No more) but ſome vaine-glorious *Humor* is;
Or ſuch like idle *Motion*, as may riſe,
From furious, and diſtemper'd *Fantacies.*
But, let their thoughts be free; I know the Flame
That is within me, and from whence it came;
Such Things haue fill'd me, that I feele my braine,
Wax giddy, thoſe high Raptures to containe.
They raiſe my Spirits, which now whirling be;
As if they meant to take their leaue of Me.
And could theſe *Straines* of *Contemplation*, ſtay
To lift me higher ſtill, but halfe a day:

By

By that Time, they would mount to ſuch a height,
That all my *Cares* would haue an end to Night.
But oh! I feele, the fumes of fleſh and blood,
To clogg thoſe Spirits in me, and like mudd,
They ſincke againe More dimly burne my fires;
To Her low pitch, my *Muſe* againe retires:
And as her heauenly flames extinguiſht be,
The more I find my Cares to burthen Me.
Yet, I believe, I was enlightned ſo,
That neuer ſhall my Spirit ſtoope ſo low
To let the ſeruile thoughts, and dunghill cares,
Of common Minds, entrap me in their ſnares.
For, ſtill I value not, thoſe things of nought,
For which the greateſt part, take greateſt thought.
Much for the world *I care not*; and (confeſſe)
Deſire I doe, my care for it, were leſſe.
I doe not care, (for ought they me could harme)
If with more miſchiefes, this laſt Age did ſwarme;
Yea ſuch poore *Ioy* I haue, or *Care* to ſee
The beſt Contents theſe Times can promiſe Me:
And that ſmall *feare* of any Plague at all,
(Or Miſeries) which on this Age may fall.
That, but for Charity, *I did not care*
If all thoſe comming ſtormes which ſome doe feare,
Were now deſcending down: For Hell can make,
No vproare, which my peaceful thoughts may ſhake.
I founded haue my Hopes, on him that hath
A ſhelter for me, in the Day of wrath.
And I haue truſt, I ſhall (without a maze,)
Looke vp, when all burnes round me, in a blaze.

And if to haue theſe Thoughts,& this Mind known
Shall ſpread Gods praiſe no further then mine own:
Or, if *This* ſhall, no more inſtructiue be,
To others; then it glory is to Me:
Here let it periſh, and be hurled by,
Into Obliuion euerlaſtingly.
For, with this *Minde*, I can be pleaſd, (as much)
Though none but I my ſelfe, did know it ſuch.
And, He that hath contentment *needs not Care*;
What other mens opinions of it, are.
I care not, though for many griefes to come,
To liue a hundred yeeres, it were my *Doome*.
Nor care I, though I ſummond be, away;
At *Night*, to *Morrow-morning*, or to *Day*.
I care not whether *This*, you read or no;
Nor whether you beleeue it, if you doe.
I care not, whether any Man ſuppoſe
All *This* from Iudgement, or from Raſhnes flowes.
Nor Meane I, to take *Care* what any Man,
Will thinke thereof: Or Comment on it can.
I care not who ſhall fondly Cenſure it;
Becauſe it was not, with more *Method* writ:
Or fram'd in imitation, of the *Straine*,
In Some deepe *Grecian* or old *Romane* vaine.
Yea, though that all men liuing, ſhould deſpiſe,
Theſe Thoughts in Me, to heede, or Patronize:
I vow, *I care not*. And I vow, no leſſe;
I care not who diſlikes this *Careleſneſſe*.
My *Minde's* my Kingdome; and I will permit
No others *Will*, to haue the rule of it.

For

For, I am free; and no mans power (I know)
Did make me thus, nor ſhall vnmake me now.
But, through a Spirit none can quench in me:
This *Mind* I got, and this, my *Mind* ſhall be.

To Enuy.

NOw looke vpon Me, Enuy *if thou dare,*
Dart all thy Malice, ſhoot me ev'ry where:
Try all the wayes thou canſt, to make me feele,
The cruell ſharpenes of thy poyſ'ned ſteele.
For, I am Enuy-proofe, *and ſcorne I do;*
The worſt, thy cancred ſpight, can vrge thee to.
This Word, I care not, *is ſo ſtrong a* Charme,
That He, who ſpeakes it truely, feares no harme,
Which thy accurſed Rancor, harbor may;
Or, his perverſeſt Fortunes, on him lay.
Goe, hatefull Fury; Hagge, *goe, hide thou then,*
Thy ſnakie head, in thy abhorred Den.
And ſince thou canſt not haue thy will of Me:
There; Damned Fiend, *thine owne Torment treſſe be,*
Thy forked ſtings, vpon thy body turne;
With Helliſh flames, thy ſcorched entrailes burne;
From thy leane Carkaſſe, thy blacke ſinnewes teare,
With thine owne Venome *burſt, and periſh there.*

Nec Habeo, nec Careo. nec Curo.

A Poſtſcript.

QVite through this *Iland* hath my *Motto* rung;
And twenty daies are paſt, ſince vp I hung
My bold *Impreza*: which defiance throwes,
At all the malice of faire *Vertues* foes.
The *Good* approue it; and ſo crowne the Cauſe
Of this my Reſolution, with applauſe:
That ſuch as ſpight it, dare not to appeare,
In oppoſition to the *Challenger*.
Their *Malice* would enforce them; but, it lyes
Oppreſſed yet, with fearefull *Cowardize*.
For, they ſo arm'd haue found me, that they feare,
I may (in ſpight of all their *Enuy*) beare
The Conqueſt from them: and vpon the Face,
Of their be-ſpotted *Fame*, ſtick more diſgrace.
This, makes them *Storme* in priuate, *Slander*, *Raile*,
Threat, *Libell*, *Ryme*, *Detract*; and to preuaile
Vpon my *Patience*, try their vtmoſt Art,
But, I ſtill minde my *Motto's* later-part;
And *Care not* for it: which, more makes them chaufe,
And ſtill, the more they fret, the more I laugh.
But, now their *Enuies*, haue ſo well conſpir'd
That they haue framd the *Proiect* they deſir'd;
And tooke ſuch courſe, that (if their word you take)
Shall mooue my *Choller*, and my *Patience* ſhake.
Forſooth; ſome *RYMERS* they haue hyr'd, to chewe
Their *Rankor* into Balladry; and ſpew
Their

Their blacke Deſpight, which to a drunken note,
They, in a hundred *Tauerns*, haue by roate
Already belcht, vnto that *Auditory*:
Who are the fitteſt *Trumpets* of their Story.
When their *Inuentions* (by the powre Diuine
Of much-inſpiring *Sacke* and *Claret wine*)
Are ripened to the higheſt; then, they ſay
The *Stationer* expects them eu'ry day:
And that he may, a ſauing bargaine make;
(Aforehand) doth his *Cuſtomers* beſpeake.
But when theſe *Braine-wormes* crawling foorth out
(As pitty 'twere, ſuch wit ſhould ſmother'd lye) (ſpye
They will bewray the *Sires*; and mak't appeare,
That *Ignorance*, and *Enuy* Parents were
To that deſpightfull Iſſue: So, that He
Who ſhall a Ruſh the leſſe, eſteeme of *Me*,
For ought there Writ: eu'n (He) is one of *Them*,
Whoſe *Hate*, and whoſe *Affection* I contemne.
The *Inſtruments* they get to ſerue the turne,
Are thoſe, that are vnworthy of my Scorne:
And if contend, or anſwere them I ſhould;
It more might wrong me, then their Riming could.
As therefore, when an Armed Souldier feeles,
A teſty *Curre*, in vaine to gnaw his Heeles;
He mindes not Him: but ſpends his blowes vpon
Thoſe churliſh Peaſants, that did ſet him on.
So; I, that know theſe *Dogges* doe but their kinde;
Well, let them bark, and ſnarle, and ſpend their wind,
Till they grow weary. But, let them ſit ſtrong
That vrge them to it; or I lay along

Their hye *Top-gallant*; where each Groome ſhall ſee
How worthy Scorne, and infamy they be.
For, They who are their *Patrons*, are ſuch Foes,
As I may ſomewhat worthyly oppoſe:
And Ile vnmaske them ſo, that you ſhall ſpie
In them; *Detractions* true *Anatomy*
Yea; whereas They, haue by their Malice, thought
To haue on Me, their ſpightful pleaſures wrought:
Ile from their *Cenſures*, an occaſion take
To ſhew how other men, a ſport ſhall make
At all *Detractions*; So, thoſe ſlaues vndoe,
Who that baſe practiſe, are enclin'd vnto.
Raile they that liſt. For, thoſe men know not yet,
What minde I haue: who thinke the man that writ
This *Motto*; can be euer brought to feare
Such poore fond things, as *idle Carpers* are.
Nay rather; from thoſe Slanders they ſhall raiſe,
I will aduantage gather for my Praiſe:
While They, that in my ſhame would take delight;
Shal gnaw their fleſh through vengeance, & deſpight
To ſee how I, vnmou'd their Enuy mocke,
And make of Them, this Ages laughing-ſtocke.
For, leſt to haue preuailed they ſhould ſeeme;
And ſo grow wiſe men in their owne eſteeme:
(Or, by their fooliſh brags, diſhearten ſuch,
Whoſe reſolutions are not growne ſo much)
When I at leaſure am; for Recreation,
Ile merry make my ſelfe, to their vexation.
Yet ſhall my Myrth from Malice be ſo free,
That though I bitter to the guilty be:

It ſhall appeare that I in loue doe ſcourge them;
That, of their foule Corruptions I may purge them.
And that, it may be knowne how Vertue hath
A ſting to puniſh; though not moou'd to wrath.
But goe; and for the *Pamphlet* ſeeke about,
For, yet ere night (tis thought) it will come out.
Yet, when you finde it; Doe not looke for there
His wit alone, whoſe Name you ſee it beare:
(For though you nothing can collect from thence,
But foul-mouthd *Language*, *Rime* and *Impudence*)
Yet there expect, (ſince tis the common cauſe
Of all *Crowe-Poets* and *Poetick-Dawes*.
Which I haue toucht) that all the *Brother-hood*,
Will lend their wits, to make the Quarrell good.
For, to that purpoſe they are all combinde;
Yea, to their ſtrong *Confederacy* are Ioynd
That *Corporation*, by whoſe Patronage:
Such *Poetry* hath flouriſht in this Age,
And ſome beſide, that dare not yet be knowne,
Haue fauour, to this goodly Proiect, ſhowne.
But, let them ioyne their force; For I had rather
Ten Millions, ſhould themſelues againſt Me gather;
(And plot and practice for my ouerthrow)
Then be the *Conqueror* of one baſe Foe.
For, as mine enemies encreaſing be;
So, Reſolution doth encreaſe in me:
And if I muſt haue foes, my *Fates* ſhall friend me;
If great and noble enemies they ſend me.
But, whether on meane Foes, or great, I light;
My *Spirit* will be greater, then their ſpight.

An Epigram, *written by the* Author *on his owne* Picture; *where, this* Motto *was inscribed.*

THus, others Loues, haue set my shadow forth;
To fill a Roome, with *Names* of greater worth:
And *Me*, among the rest, they set to show.
Yet, what I am, I pray mistake not, tho.
Imagine me, nor *Earle*, nor *Lord*, nor *Knight*;
Nor any new aduanced *Fauorite*.
For, you would sweare, if *This* well pictur'd me;
That, such a One I ne'r were like to be.
No child of purblind *Fortune's* was I borne;
For all that issue, holdeth *Me* in scorne.
Yet, *He* that made *Me*, hath assur'd *Me* to,
Fortune can make no such; nor such vndo.
And bids me, in no Fauours take delight;
But what I shall acquire, in *Her* despight.
Which *Mind*, in Raggs, I rather wish to beare;
Then rise through basenes, braue'st Robes to weare.
Part of my *Outside*, hath the Picture shown;
Part of my *Inside*, by these *lines* is known:
And 't is no matter of a rush to me,
How *I his*, or *That*; shall now esteemed be.

FINIS.